

TENNYSON:
SELECT POEMS

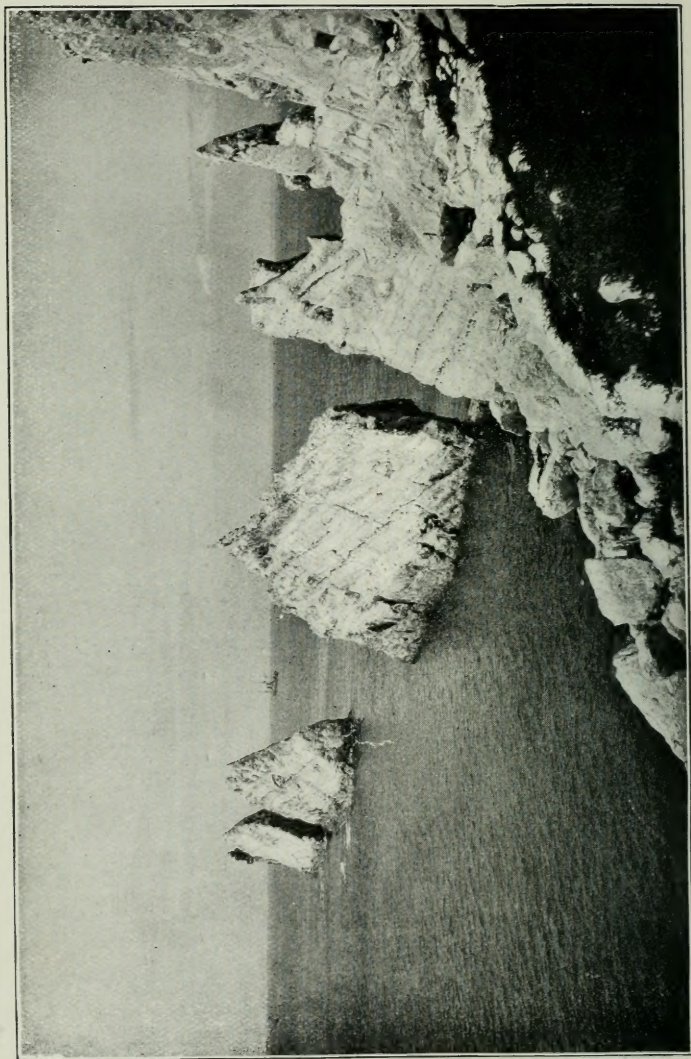
EDITED BY
W. J. ALEXANDER



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*View of the Coast in the Neighbourhood of Tennyson's Residence,
Farringford, Isle of Wight.*

TENNYSON
SELECT POEMS

WITH BRIEF NOTES

BY

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The following Poems included in this Volume are not prescribed for the Examinations of 1912; Recollections of the Arabian Nights; The Lady of Shalott; Oenone; The Epic; Morte d'Arthur; St. Agnes' Eve; Sir Galahad; "Break, Break, Break."

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TENNYSON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
 The forward-flowing tide of time ;
And many a sheeny summer-morn, 5
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old ;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime 10
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue : 15
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side :
 In sooth it was a goodly time, 20
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

- Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
 The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat-head down a broad canal 25
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moon-lit sward
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay
 Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
 Adown to where the water slept. 30
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.
- A motion from the river won
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on 35
 My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
 Until another night in night
 I enter'd, from the clearer light,
 Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
 Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb 40
 Heavenward were stay'd beneath the dome
 Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.
- Still onward ; and the clear canal 45
 Is rounded to as clear a lake.
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rillets musical,
 Thro' little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow 50
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid. 55

Above thro' many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-colour'd shells
 Wander'd engrain'd. On either side
 All round about the fragrant marge
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn 60
 In order, eastern flowers large,
 Some dropping low their crimson bells
 Half-closed, and others studded wide
 With disks and tiars, fed the time
 With odour in the golden prime 65
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
 In closest coverture upsprung,
 The living airs of middle night
 Died round the bulbul as he sung ; 70
 Not he : but something which possess'd
 The darkness of the world, delight,
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
 Apart from place, withholding time, 75
 But flattering the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
 Slumber'd : the solemn palms were ranged
 Above, unwoo'd of summer wind : 80
 A sudden splendour from behind
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
 And, flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond-plots 85
 Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

- Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
 Distinct with vivid stars inlaid, 90
 Grew darker from that under-flame :
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,
 With silver anchor left afloat,
 In marvel whence that glory came
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank 95
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,
 Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.
- Thence thro' the garden I was drawn— 100
 A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
 And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
 Full of the city's stilly sound,
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks, 105
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid. 110
- With dazed vision unawares
 From the long alley's latticed shade
 Emerged, I came upon the great
 Pavilion of the Caliphat.
 Right to the carven cedarn doors, 115
 Flung inward over spangled floors,
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs,
 Ran up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humour of the golden prime 120
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame 125
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
 Upon the mooned domes aloof
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time 130
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes 135
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony,
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone ; 140
 The sweetest lady of the time,
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underpropt a rich 145
 Throne of the massive ore, from which
 Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diaper'd
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd 150
 With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly, 30
 Down to tower'd Camelot :
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott.' 35

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot : 50
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,

Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot .
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed ; 70
 'I am half sick of shadows,' said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, 75
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily 85
 As he rode down to Camelot :

And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame together,
 As he rode down to Camelot. 95
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river 105
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 'Tirra lirra,' by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room, 110
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide ;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side ; 115
 'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
 Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot ;

Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote 125

The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seër in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance 130

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain and down she lay ;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot : 140

And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, 145
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
 And I am all aweary of my life.

‘O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 35
 Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
 That house the cold crown’d snake ! O mountain brooks,
 I am the daughter of a River-God,
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls 40
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
 A cloud that gather’d shape : for it may be
 That, while I speak of it, a little while
 My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

‘O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida, 45
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 I waited underneath the dawning hills,
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy dark aloft the mountain pine :
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris, 50
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horn’d, white-hooved,
 Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

‘O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Far-off the torrent call’d me from the cleft :
 Far up the solitary morning smote 55
 The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
 I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leopard skin
 Droop’d from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
 Cluster’d about his temples like a God’s : 60
 And his cheek brighten’d as the foam-bow brightens
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm 65
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I look’d
 And listen’d, the full-flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

“ My own CEnone, 70
 Beautiful-brow’d CEnone, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav’n
 ‘ For the most fair,’ would seem to award it thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace 75
 Of movement, and the charm of married brows.”

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
 And added “ This was cast upon the board,
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods 80
 Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom ’twere due :
 But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice
 Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day, 85
 Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.” 90

‘ Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 It was the deep midnight : one silvery cloud
 Had lost his way between the piney sides
 Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
 Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower, 95
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,

Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
 Lotus and lilies : and a wind arose,
 And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon 100
 Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
 With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
 And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and lean'd 105
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
 Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
 Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made 110
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule
 Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
 Wherewith to embellish state, "from many a vale
 And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
 Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore. 115
 Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll,
 From many an inland town and haven large,
 Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers."

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die. 120
 Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
 "Which in all action is the end of all ;
 Power fitted to the season ; wisdom-bred
 And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand 125
 Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
 From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power

Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd 130
 Rest in a happy place, and quiet seats
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss
 In knowledge of their own supremacy."

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit 135
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
 Flatter'd his spirit ; but Pallas where she stood
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold, 140
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

' "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power. 145
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear ;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." 150

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Again she said : " I woo thee not with gifts.
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest. 155

Yet, indeed,
 If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
 Unbias'd by self-profit, oh ! rest thee sure
 That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee, 160
 So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,

Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will, 165
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
 Commeasure perfect freedom."

 'Here she ceas'd,
 And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O Paris,
 Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me not, 170
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

 'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Iōa,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Idalian Aphroditè beautiful,
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells, 175
 With rosy slender fingers backward drew
 From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
 And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
 Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form 180
 Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

 'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
 The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh, 185
 Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise thee
 The fairest and most loving wife in Greece,"
 She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
 But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
 And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes, 190
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
 And I was left alone within the bower;
 And from that time to this I am alone,
 And I shall be alone until I die.

' Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die. 195
 Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
 My love hath told me so a thousand times.
 Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
 When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
 Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail 200
 Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
 Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
 Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains 205
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

' O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
 My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge 210
 High over the blue gorge, and all between
 The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
 Foster'd the callow eaglet—from beneath
 Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
 The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
 Low in the valley. Never, never more 215
 Shall lone CEnone see the morning mist
 Sweep thro' them; never see them over-laid
 With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
 Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

' O mother, hear me yet before I die. 220
 I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
 Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
 Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
 The Abominable, that uninvited came
 Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall, 225
 And cast the golden fruit upon the board,

And bred this change ; that I might speak my mind,
 And tell her to her face how much I hate
 Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

‘ O mother, hear me yet before I die. 230
 Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
 In this green valley, under this green hill,
 Ev’n on this hand, and sitting on this stone ?
 Seal’d it with kisses ? water’d it with tears ?
 O happy tears, and how unlike to these ! 235
 O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face ?
 O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight ?
 O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
 There are enough unhappy on this earth,
 Pass by the happy souls, that love to live : 240
 I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
 And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
 Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
 Weigh heavy on my eyelids : let me die.

‘ O mother, hear me yet before I die. 245
 I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
 Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
 Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
 Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
 Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see 250
 My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
 Conjectures of the features of her child
 Ere it is born : her child !—a shudder comes
 Across me : never child be born of me,
 Unblest, to vex me with his father’s eyes ! 255

‘ O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me

Walking the cold and starless road of Death
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love 260
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
 A fire dances before hër, and a sound
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men. 265
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
 All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
 In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon, 5
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke, 10
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
 And some thro' waverling lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land : far off, three mountain tops, 15
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with showery drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
 In the red West : thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
 A land where all things always seemed the same !
 And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave ; but ever-more 40
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, ' We will return no more ;'
 And all at once they sang, ' Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.' 45

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
 Music that gentler on the spirit lies, 50
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness ?
 All things have rest : why should we toil alone, 60
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings, 65
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
 Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
 'There is no joy but calm !'
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things ?

III.

Lo ! in the middle of the wood, 70
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow 75
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple waxing over-mellow,

Drops in a silent autumn night,
 All its allotted length of days, 80
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85
 Death is the end of life ; ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last ? 90
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? 95
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
 Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;

To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
 And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change :
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain. 125
 The Gods are hard to reconcile :
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath, 130
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still, 135
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly

His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak : 145
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust
 is blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
 seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
 in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. 155
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curl'd
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world :
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps
 and fiery sands, 160
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
 and praying hands.
 But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But by degrees to fullness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought 15
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
 Opinion, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute ; 20

Tho’ Power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—
 Tho’ every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth, 25
 Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

‘OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.’

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
 The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, 5
 Self-gather’d in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro’ town and field
 To mingle with the human race, 10
And part by part to men reveal’d
 The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks, 15
 And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears ; 20

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes !

‘LOVE THOU THY LAND, WITH LOVE
 FAR-BROUGHT.’

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
 From out the storied Past, and used
 Within the Present, but transfused
 Thro’ future time by power of thought.

True love turn’d round on fixed poles, 5
 Love, that endures not sordid ends,
 For English natures, freemen, friends,
 Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
 Nor feed with crude imaginings 10
 The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
 That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day, 15
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds ;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds. 20

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
Cut Prejudice against the grain :
But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch 25
Of pension, neither count on praise :
It grows to guerdon after-days :
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch :

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
Not master'd by some modern term ; 30
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds, 35
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form. 40

Meet is it changes should control
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.
 We all are changed by still degrees,
 All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free 45
 To ingroove itself with that which flies,
 And work, a joint of state, that plies
 Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;
 For all the past of Time reveals 50
 A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
 Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
 A motion toiling in the gloom—
 The Spirit of the years to come 55
 Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
 Completion in a painful school ;
 Phantoms of other forms of rule,
 New Majesties of mighty States— 60

The warders of the growing hour,
 But vague in vapour, hard to mark ;
 And round them sea and air are dark
 With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd, 65
 Is bodied forth the second whole.
 Regard gradation, lest the soul
 Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head ; 70
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth 75
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood ; 80

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace ;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay, 85
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes : 90
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead ;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed 95
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

THE EPIC.

At Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve,—
 The game of forfeits done—the girls all kiss'd
 Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
 The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
 The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl, 5
 Then half-way ebb'd : and there we held a talk,
 How all the old honour had from Christmas gone,
 Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games
 In some odd nooks like this ; till I, tired out
 With cutting eights that day upon the pond, 10
 Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
 I bump'd the ice into three several stars,
 Fell in a doze ; and half-awake I heard
 The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
 Now harping on the church-commissioners, 15
 Now hawking at Geology and schism ;
 Until I woke, and found him settled down
 Upon the general decay of faith
 Right thro' the world, 'at home was little left,
 And none abroad : there was no anchor, none, 20
 To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
 On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
 'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail-bowl.'
 'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way
 At college : but another which you had, 25
 I mean of verse (for so we held it then),
 What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he burnt
 His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books'—
 And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,
 He thought that nothing new was said, or else 30
 Something so said 'twas nothing—that a truth

Looks freshest in the fashion of the day :
 God knows : he has a mint of reasons : ask.
 It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
 'Why take the style of those heroic times ? 35
 For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
 Nor we those times ; and why should any man
 Remodel models ? these twelve books of mine
 Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,
 Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt.' 'But I,' 40
 Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh from this hearth
 And have it : keep a thing, its use will come.
 I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes.'
 He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like a horse
 That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears ; 45
 For I remember'd Everard's college fame
 When we were Freshmen : then at my request
 He brought it ; and the poet little urged,
 But with some prelude of disparagement,
 Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, 50
 Deep-chested music, and to this result.

 MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep, 5
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,

That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 ‘The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 Tho’ Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro’ the helm 25
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword—and how I row’d across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known : 35
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere :
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.’
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
 ‘It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro’ the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept 45
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt : 55
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
 In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King. 65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
 And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
 'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fæalty, nor like a noble knight : 75
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80
 I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, 85
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud,
 ' And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, 90
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?
 What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand 95
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept, 100
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, " King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110
 And hid Excalibur the second time,

And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :

‘What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?’

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere : 115

‘I heard the water lapping on the crag,

And the long ripple washing in the reeds.’

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

‘Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me ! 120

Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights, .

In whom should meet the offices of all, 125

Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,

And the third time may prosper, get thee hence : 130

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,

I will arise and slay thee with my hands.’

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword, 135

And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,

And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,

Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140

By night, with noises of the northern sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :

But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 145

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :

‘ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? ’ 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

‘ Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho’ I live three lives of mortal men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look’d again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish’d him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.’

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :

‘ My end draws nigh ; ’tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear 165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.’

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170

Remorsefully regarded thro’ his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O’er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro’ the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk’d, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh’d the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, ‘ Quick, quick !

- I fear it is too late, and I shall die.' 180
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad. 185
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon.
 Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware 195
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice an agony 200
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.
 Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens 205
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops 215
 Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust ;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips. 220
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 ' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ; 235
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 ' The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou, 245
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that long
 Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell :
 At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound, 275
 And waked with silence, grunted 'Good!' but we
 Sat rapt : it was the tone with which he read—
 Perhaps some modern touches here and there
 Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness—

Or else we loved the man, and prized his work ; 280
 I know not : but we sitting, as I said,
 The cock crew loud ; as at that time of year
 The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn :
 Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,
 ‘ There now—that’s nothing ! ’ drew a little back, 285
 And drove his heel into the smoulder’d log,
 That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue ;
 And so to bed ; where yet in sleep I seem’d
 To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
 Point after point ; till on to dawn, when dreams 290
 Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,
 To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
 There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
 King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
 Of stateliest port ; and all the people cried, 295
 ‘ Arthur is come again : he cannot die.’
 Then those that stood upon the hills behind
 Repeated—‘ Come again, and thrice as fair ;’
 And, further inland, voices echo’d—‘ Come
 With all good things, and war shall be no more.’ 300
 At this a hundred bells began to peal,
 That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
 The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas-morn.

 ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match’d with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ; 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere

Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
 There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ; 50
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep 55
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho' 65
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

ST. AGNES' EVE.

- Deep on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers 5
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies, 10
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.
- As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be. 20
- Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.
- He lifts me to the golden doors ; 25
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within 30

For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
 To make me pure of sin,
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

35

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel :
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall !
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall :
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill :
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

5

10

15

20

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns :
 Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
 I hear a voice but none are there ; 30
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
 I float till all is dark. 40
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God ! 45
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
 And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here. 65
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear, 70
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony 75
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 'O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near.' 80
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

'AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.'

As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 O we fell out I know not why,
 And kiss'd again with tears. 5
 And blessings on the falling out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love
 And kiss again with tears !
 For when we came where lies the child 10
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave,
 We kiss'd again with tears.

'SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.'

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea !
 Over the rolling waters go, 5
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me ;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon ; 10
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon ;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon : 15
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

'THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.'

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

'TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN.'

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 15

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

'THY VOICE IS HEARD THRO' ROLLING DRUMS.'

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
 That beat to battle where he stands ;
 Thy face across his fancy comes,
 And gives the battle to his hands :
 A moment, while the trumpets blow, 5
 He sees his brood about thy knee ;
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

'HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.'

Home they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low, 5
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept, 10
 Took the face-cloth from the face ;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears— 15
 'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

'ASK ME NO MORE : THE MOON MAY DRAW
 THE SEA.'

Ask me no more : the moon may draw the sea ;
 The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape ;
 But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee ?
 Ask me no more. 5

Ask me no more : what answer should I give ?
 I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
 Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die !
 Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live ;
 Ask me no more. 10

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd :
 I strove against the stream and all in vain :
 Let the great river take me to the main :
 No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield ;
 Ask me no more. 15

THE BROOK.

HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to the East
 And he for Italy—too late—too late :
 One whom the strong sons of the world despise ;
 For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
 And mellow metres more than cent for cent ;
 Nor could he understand how money breeds,
 Thought it a dead thing ; yet himself could make
 The thing that is not as the thing that is.
 O had he lived ! In our schoolbooks we say,
 Of those that held their heads above the crowd, 10
 They flourish'd then or then ; but life in him
 Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
 On such a time as goes before the leaf,
 When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
 And nothing perfect : yet the brook he loved,
 For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
 Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him ; for ' O brook,' he says, 20
 ' O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
 ' Whence come you ?' and the brook, why not ? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern,
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges. 30

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

' Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
 Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
 It has more ivy ; there the river ; and there
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles, 40
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever. 50

' But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird :
 Old Philip ; all about the fields you caught
 His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel 60
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

‘O darling Katie Willows, his one child !
 A maiden of our century, yet most meek ;
 A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse ;
 Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand ;
 Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

70

‘Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
 Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
 James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
 For here I came, twenty years back—the week
 Before I parted with poor Edmund ; crost
 By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
 Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
 Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
 Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
 And push’d at Philip’s garden gate. The gate,
 Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
 Stuck ; and he clamour’d from a casement, “ Run ”
 To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
 “ Run, Katie ! ” Katie never ran : she moved
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
 A little flutter’d, with her eyelids down,
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

80

90

‘What was it ? less of sentiment than sense
 Had Katie ; not illiterate ; nor of those
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
 And nursed by mealy-mouth’d philanthropies,
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed

'She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?
 What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
 James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies
 Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said. 100
 But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot
 Some figure like a wizard pentagram
 On garden gravel, let my query pass
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
 If James were coming. "Coming every day,"
 She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,
 But evermore her father came across
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
 And James departed vext with him and her." 110
 How could I help her? "Would I—was it wrong?"
 (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
 "O would I take her father for one hour,
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"
 And even while she spoke, I saw where James
 Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
 Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
 For in I went, and call'd old Philip out 120
 To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
 He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
 Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
 He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
 He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
 He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
 His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
 Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
 Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took

Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 130
 And naming those, his friends, for whom they were :
 Then crost the common into Darnley chase
 To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
 Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
 Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
 He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said :
 "That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."
 And there he told a long long-winded tale
 Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
 And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140
 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
 To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
 And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
 But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
 He gave them line : and five days after that
 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
 Who then and there had offer'd something more,
 But he stood firm ; and so the matter hung ;
 He knew the man ; the colt would fetch its price ;
 He gave them line : and how by chance at last 150
 (It might be May or April, he forgot,
 The last of April or the first of May)
 He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
 And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
 And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,
 Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

' Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
 Poor fellow, could he help it ? recommenced,
 And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho, 160
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,
 Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,

Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
 And with me Philip, talking still ; and so
 We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
 And following our own shadows thrice as long
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots, 170
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses : 180
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go ; and these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome 190
 Of Brunelleschi ; sleeps in peace : and he,
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb :
 I scraped the lichen from it : Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
 And breathes in converse seasons.* All are gone.'

* See note on this line.

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn, 200
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings ;
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within :
 Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm ?'
 'Yes' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me ; 210
 What do they call you ?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.
 What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'
 'Indeed !' and here he look'd so self-perplext,
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
 Then looking at her ; 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
 Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
 To be the ghost of one who bore your name
 About these meadows, twenty years ago.' 220

'Have you not heard ?' said Katie, 'we came back.
 We bought the farm we tenanted before.
 Am I so like her ? so they said on board.
 Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
 My mother, as it seems you did, the days
 That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
 My brother James is in the harvest-field :
 But she—you will be welcome—O, come in !'

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

I.

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall, 5
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,

As fits an universal woe,

Let the long long procession go, 15

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,

And let the mournful martial music blow;

The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,

Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20

No more in soldier fashion will he greet

With lifted hand the gazer in the street.

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:

Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war, 30
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew, 35
 O voice from which their omens all men drew;
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
 Such was he whom we deplore. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v.

All is over and done :
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son. 45
 Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river, 50
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds : 55

Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
 In that dread sound to the great name,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name, 75
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing* avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
 Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.

* See note on this line.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man, 85
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ; 90
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
 O give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee ;
 For this is England's greatest son, 95
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun ;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won ; 100
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines, 105
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms, 110
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men, 115
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.

Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120
 And barking for the thrones of kings ;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
 A day of onsets of despair !
 Dash'd on every rocky square 125
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame, 145
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers ;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 His Saxon* in blown seas and storming showers, 155
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ; 165
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever ; and whatever tempests lour 175
 For ever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ; 180
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;

* See note on this line.

Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 Who never spoke against a foe ; 185
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light 190
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands 195
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state. 200
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes, 205
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredde
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory : 210
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled 215

Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he : his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand 220
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory :
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim 226
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230
 Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see :
 Peace, it is a day of pain 235
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung :
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 246
 Ours the pain, be his the gain !
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere ; 245
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,

And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane : 250
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true 255
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be.
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore 260
 Make and break, and work their will ;
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul ? 265
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
 The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; 270
 He is gone who seem'd so great,—
 Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State, 275
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 'Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!' he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred. 5

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew 10
 Some one had blunder'd:
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die: 15
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them 20
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell 25
 Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while 30
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke 35
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them, 40
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well 45
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade ? 50
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred ! 55

‘BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.’

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman’s boy, 5
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on 10
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
Will never come back to me.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder’d church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower’d mill; 5
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10
 Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
 The prettiest little damsel in the port,
 And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
 And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15
 Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
 And built their castles of dissolving sand
 To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20
 And flying the white breaker, daily left
 The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25
 While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week :
 'This is my house and this my little wife.'
 'Mine too,' said Philip 'turn and turn about :'
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made 30
 Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love, 40
 But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;

But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
 And would if asked deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the downstreaming seas : 55
 And all men look'd upon him favourably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nest-like, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing him) 65
 An hour behind ; but as he climbed the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75

Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed; and merrily rang the bells, 80
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence,
 And mutual love and honourable toil ;
 With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing up
 Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes, 90
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Open'd a larger haven : thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell :
 A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one :
 Another hand crept too across his trade 110
 Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore 115
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd
 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go ?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place? 125
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that the shadow of mischance appear'd
 No graver than as when some little cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130
 And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife—
 When he was gone—the children—what to do ?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
 How many a rough sea had he weathered in her ! 135
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—
 So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go

This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born, 150
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
 But had no heart to break his purposes 155
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160
 Many a sad kiss by day or night renew'd
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her, 165
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro.'

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,

Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang 175
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him : and then he said
 ' Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to greater things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205
 Heard and not heard him ; and as the village girl,

Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise ; 210
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 (He named the day) get you a seaman's glass, 215
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
 'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220
 And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
 Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His, 225
 The sea is His : He made it.'

Enoch rose,
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept 230
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
 'Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child
 Remember this ?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt 235
 A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
 Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps 240
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;
 She saw him not : and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 245
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ;
 Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want 250
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding ' what would Enoch say ?'
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less 255
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold :
 She failed and sadden'd knowing it ; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy. 260

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
 Whether her business often called her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most, 265
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away. 270

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long. 275
 'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now,
 May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief, 280
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face,
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly
 'Annie, I come to ask a favour of you.' 285

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
 'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am!' half abashed him; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her: 290
 'I came to speak to you of what he wished,
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
 You chose the best among us—a strong man:
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. 295
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. 300
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,

If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now— 305
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay—
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will, 310
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face; 315
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid; 320
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
 'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,
 She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him, 325
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away. 330

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port, 335

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
 The late and early roses from his wall,
 Or conies from the down, and now and then, 340
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal
 To save the offence of charitable, flour
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her, 345
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily ; 350
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
 As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them 355
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where : and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land, 360
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood,
 And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too : 365
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him
 'Come with us father Philip' he denied ;

But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd and yielded readily to their wish, 370
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her; and sighing 'Let me rest' she said; 375
 So Philip rested with her well-content;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke 380
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour 385
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said
 Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.'
 'Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word. 390
 'Tired?' but her face had fallen upon her hands;
 At which as with a kind of anger in him,
 'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said 395
 'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
 Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
 'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long, 400

That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living; well then—let me speak : 405
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless—they say that women are so quick—
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove 410
 A father to your children : I do think
 They love me as a father : I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own ;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years, 415
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it :
 For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours :
 And we have known each other all our lives, 420
 And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
 ' You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself. 425
 Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ?'
 ' I am content ' he answer'd ' to be loved
 A little after Enoch.' ' O ' she cried
 Scared as it were ' dear Philip, wait a while : 430
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year :

O wait a little!' Philip sadly said
 'Annie, as I have waited all my life 435
 I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried
 'I am bound: you have my promise—in a year:
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'
 And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up 440
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil; 445
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.' 450
 Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had lov'd her longer than she knew, 455
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?' she ask'd.
 'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again:
 Come out and see.' But she—she put him off— 460
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand, 465
 'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.

And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance, 470
 Till half-another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her ; 475
 Some that she but held off to draw him on ;
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds ;
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpents eggs together, laughingly 480
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish ;
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty ; 485
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her
 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly 490
 Pray'd for a sign ' my Enoch is he gone ?'
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
 Then desperately seized the holy Book, 495
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,
 ' Under a palmtree.' That was nothing to her :
 No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :

When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height, 500
 Under a palmtree, over him the Sun :
 ‘He is gone,’ she thought, ‘he is happy, he is singing
 Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried 505
 “Hosanna in the highest!”’ Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
 ‘There is no reason why we should not wed.’
 ‘Then for God’s sake,’ he answer’d, ‘both our sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once.’ 510

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie’s heart.
 A footstep seem’d to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear, 515
 She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home nor ventured out alone.
 What ail’d her then, that ere she enter’d, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew : 520
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child : but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew’d,
 Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, 525
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail’d
 The ship ‘Good Fortune,’ tho’ at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm’d her, yet unvext 530
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape

And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually 535
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon also for the babes. 540

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable, 545
 Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night, 550
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ; 555
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the three, 560
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,

Lay lingering out a three years' death-in-life. 565
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone. 570
 In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird, 575
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen 580
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd 585
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail : 590
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
 The blaze upon his island overhead ; 595
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,

The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch, 600
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of 'many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ; 605
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs, 610
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ; 615
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone, 620
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields, 625
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,

Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay : 630
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores 635
 With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs 640
 They knew not what : and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ; 645
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard :
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
 Scarce credited at first but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home ; 650
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays, 655
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath 660
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,

Pitying the lonely man and gave him it :
 Then moving up the coast they landed him, 665
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
 But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm, 670
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage. 675
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light 680
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes 685
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
 Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went, 690
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane, 695

With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
 Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous, 700
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
 Told him with other annals of the port,
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd
 So broken—all the story of his house.

His baby's death, her growing poverty, 705
 How Philip put her little ones to school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
 Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
 No shadow past, nor motion : anyone, 710

Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
 Less than the teller : only when she closed
 ' Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost '
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
 Repeated muttering ' cast away and lost ; ' 715
 Again in deeper inward whispers ' lost ! '

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
 ' If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy.' So the thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth, 720
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below ;
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by 725
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures

The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life. 730

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen, 735
A yewtree, and all around it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs 740
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times, 745
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring 750
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him, 755
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee, 760

And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all, 765
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth. 770

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed, 775
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd. 780

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength 785
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl 790
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went 795
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore 800
 Prayer from the living source within the will.
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'
 He said to Miriam 'that you told me of, 805
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
 'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort ;' and he thought
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know, 810
 I wait his time' and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd 815
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days ;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself :
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it 820
 Whereby the man could live ; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually

Weakening the man, till he could do no more, 825
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach 830
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last.' 835
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
 'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk! 840
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
 'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?' 845
 'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him. 850
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man.' At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 'You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be.' Enoch said again 855
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;

Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
 I married her who married Philip Ray. 860
 Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears, 865
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
 But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
 Saying only 'See your bairns before you go ! 870
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied :
 'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
 But let me hold my purpose till I die. 875
 Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
 While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
 Save for the bar between us, loving her 880
 As when she laid her head beside my own.
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him. 885
 And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
 He never meant us any thing but good.
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
 I am their father ; but she must not come, 890
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.

And now there is but one of all my blood,
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
 This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these years, 895
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
 It will moreover be a token to her, 900
 That I am he.'

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again 905
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea, 910
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice ' a sail ! a sail !
 I am saved ' ; and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away. 915
 And when they buried him the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn :
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
 Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall ; 4

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West. 8

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ; 12

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed :
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;
 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. 16

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. 20

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
 And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, ' My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
 Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.' 24

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
 As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
 All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes — 28

Saying, ' I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong ;'
 Saying, ' Dost thou love me, cousin ? ' weeping, ' I have loved thee long.'

- ove took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands ;
 very moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands. 32
- ove took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
 mote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.
- any a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
 nd her whisper throug'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring. 36
- any an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
 nd our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.
- my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !
 the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore ! 40
- alser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
 uppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !
- it well to wish thee happy ?—having known me—to decline
 n a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine ! 44
- et it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
 hat is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.
- s the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,
 nd the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down. 48
- e will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
 omething better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.
- hat is this ? his eyes are heavy : think not they are glazed with wine.
 o to him : it is thy duty : kiss him : take his hand in thine. 52
- t may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought :
 oothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.
- e will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
 etter thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand ! 56
- etter thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
 oll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.
- ursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
 ursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth ! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule !
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool !

Well—'tis well that I should bluster !—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved. 64

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit ?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home. 68

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind ?

I remember one that perish'd : sweetly did she speak and move :
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love. 72

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?
No—she never loved me truly : love is love for evermore.

Comfort ? comfort scorn'd of devils ! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things. 76

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall. 80

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the ' Never, never, ' whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears ; 84

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow : get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace ; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine ; a lip to drain thy trouble dry. 88

Baby lips will laugh me down : my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

- O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his : it will be worthy of the two. 92
- O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.
- They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd'—Perish in thy self-contempt ! 96
- Overlive it—lower yet—be happy ! wherefore should I care ?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.
- What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these ?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys. 100
- Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy : what is that which I should do ?
- I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound. 104
- But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.
- Can I but relive in sadness ? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age ! 108
- Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life ;
- Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field, 112
- And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn ;
- And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men : 116
- Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do :
- For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ; 120

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ; 124

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. 128

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye ; 132

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint :
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire. 136

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's ? 140

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest. 144

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string ?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing. 148

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain :

- Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
 Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine— 152
- Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
 Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat ;
- Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd ;—
 I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward. 156
- Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
 From island unto island at the gateways of the day.
- Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
 Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise. 160
- Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
 Glides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag ;
- Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
 Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea. 164
- Where methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
 In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.
- Where the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space
 Will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. 168
- Iron jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
 Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun ;
- Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
 Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books— 172
- Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words are wild,
 But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.
- Not to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
 Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains ! 176
- Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime ?
 The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—
- That rather held it better men should perish one by one,
 Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon ! 180

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

184

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun :
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

188

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall !
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

192

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow ;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

NOTES ON TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was the third son of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby, a small village in Lincolnshire not far from the sea-coast. Though in the neighbourhood of the fen country, Somersby itself lies "in a pretty pastoral district of sloping hills and large ash trees." "To the north rises the long peak of the wold, with its steep white road that climbs the hill above Thetford; to the south, the land slopes gently to a small deep-channelled brook, which rises not far from Somersby and flows just below the parsonage garden." The scenery of his native village and its neighbourhood, where he spent his youth and early manhood,—the scenery of wold, and fen, and sandy coast—made a deep impress on the poet's mind, and is reflected again and again in his earlier writings. In the parsonage of Somersby, which was then the only considerable house in the little hamlet, Alfred was born August 6th, 1809. His father was a man of ability, with intellectual and artistic interests; books were at hand, and the three elder boys not only became great readers, but from childhood were accustomed to write original verses. The life of the Tennysons was a somewhat secluded one; Alfred was naturally shy, with a bent towards solitary and imaginative pursuits. These tendencies may have been fostered by the character of his early education. He was not sent to a great public school, like most English boys of his class, but attended the village school at Somersby, then the grammar school at the neighbouring town of Louth, and was finally prepared for entering college by home tuition. Already before he had become an undergraduate, he was an author, having, along with his elder brother Charles, written a volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, which was published at Louth in 1827 by a local bookseller. The work is creditable to such youthful poets (the poems contributed by Alfred were composed between his fifteenth and his seventeenth year), but more remarkable for the absence of marked immaturity than for the presence of positive merits. The breadth of the authors' reading is attested by quotations prefixed to the various pieces: Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, Terence, Lucretius, Sallust, Tacitus, Byron, Cowper, Gray, Hume, Moore, Scott, Beattie and Addison being all put under contribution.

In 1828 Charles and Alfred entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where the eldest brother, Frederick, was already a student. There the Tenny-

sons were associated with some of the most brilliant and promising of their contemporaries. Alfred formed an especially warm friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of extraordinary endowments, whose premature death he subsequently commemorated in *In Memoriam*. In 1829 Tennyson won the Chancellor's prize for English verse by a poem on "Timbuctoo," where for the first time in his work, there is some promise of future excellence, and some faint touches of his later style. Next year his poetic career may be said really to have begun with a small volume entitled *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, which in such poems as *Claribel*, *The Dying Swan*, *Mariana*, and *The Poet*, clearly exhibits some of his characteristic qualities. The volume was favourably reviewed by Leigh Hunt and Hallam, but severely criticized by "Christopher North" in *Blackwood*. In the same year the author embarked on a very different undertaking, going with Hallam to Spain in order to carry, to the revolutionists there, money and letters from English sympathizers. In 1831 his college career was brought to a close by the death of his father, and he returned to Somersby. Here he completed a second volume of poems, published in 1832. This marks another advance in poetic art, and contains some of his most characteristic pieces: *The Lady of Shalott*, *Oenone*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, *The Two Voices*. It should be remembered, however, that several of these do not now appear in their original form, and that much of their perfection is due to revisions later than 1832. This volume, as well as its predecessor, was severely criticized, especially by the *Quarterly*. But although in this article justice was not done to the merits of the volume, the strictures upon defects were in the main well grounded, as the poet himself tacitly acknowledged by omitting or amending in subsequent editions the objectionable passages. Another result of the hostility of the critics was that Tennyson, who was always morbidly sensitive to criticism even from the most friendly source, ceased publishing for almost ten years, except that verses from his pen occasionally appeared in the pages of Literary Annuals. This ten-years silence is characteristic of the man, of his self-restraint and power of patient application—potent factors in the ultimate perfection of his work.

The sudden death of his friend Hallam, in September 1833, plunged Tennyson for a time in profound sorrow, but was doubtless effective in maturing and deepening his emotional and intellectual life. The poet's sister had been betrothed to Hallam; over the household at Somersby, of which Alfred, in the absence of his elder brothers,

was now the head, there gathered a deep gloom. The feelings and ideas which centred about this great sorrow of his youthful days, the poet soon began to embody in short lyrics; these through successive years grew in number and variety, and finally took shape in what by many is considered Tennyson's greatest work, *In Memoriam*.

It was in 1836, when Charles Tennyson was married to Louisa Sellwood, that in all probability Alfred fell in love with the bride's sister, to whom, in course of time he became engaged. The small fortune which he had inherited was insufficient to provide a maintenance for a married pair; poetry, to which he had devoted his life, seemed unlikely ever to yield him a sufficient income. Yet, characteristically enough, Tennyson neither attempted to find a more lucrative profession, nor even departed from his resolve to refrain from again seeking public notice until his genius and his work had become fully matured. In consequence, the friends of his betrothed put an end to the correspondence of the lovers; and a long period of trial began for the poet, when his prospects in love, in worldly fortune, in poetic success, seemed almost hopelessly overcast. In 1837 the family removed from Somersby to High Beech in Epping Forest, then to Tunbridge Wells, and then to the neighbourhood of Maidstone. The change of residence brought Tennyson into closer proximity with the capital, and henceforward, he frequently resorted thither to visit old friends like Spedding, and gradually became personally known in the literary circles of London. Among other notable men he met with Carlyle, found pleasure in the company of this uncouth genius and his clever wife, and, in turn, was regarded with unusual favour by a keen-eyed and censorious pair of critics. Tennyson was one of the very few distinguished men whose personality impressed Carlyle favourably. The account which the latter gives of Tennyson in a letter to Emerson, dated August 1844, is worth quoting at length:—

“Moxon informs me that Tennyson is now in Town, and means to come and see me. Of this latter result I shall be very glad. Alfred is one of the few British and Foreign Figures (a not increasing number, I think!) who are and remain beautiful to me—a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! However, I doubt he will not come; he often skips me in these brief visits to Town; skips everybody, indeed; being a man solitary and sad, as certain men are, dwelling in an element of gloom,—carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos. Alfred is the son of a Lincolnshire Gentleman Farmer, I think; indeed you see in his verses that he is a native of ‘moated granges,’ and green flat pastures, not of mountains and their torrents and storms. He had his breeding at Cambridge, as for the Law or Church; being master of a small annuity on his Father's decease, he preferred clubbing with his Mother and some

Sisters, to live unpromoted and write poems. In this way he lives still, now here, now there; the family always within reach of London, never in it; he himself making rare and brief visits, lodging in some old comrade's rooms. I think he must be under forty—not much under it. One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous: I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to. He is often unwell; very chaotic—his way is through Chaos and the Bottomless and Pathless; not handy for making out many miles upon."

Meanwhile, in 1842, two years before this letter was written, Tennyson gave conclusive evidence of the power that was in him, by the publication of two volumes containing, in the first place, a selection from the poems of 1830 and of 1832, and, secondly, a large number of new pieces. Among the latter are *Morte d'Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Talking Oak*, *Locksley Hall*, *Dora*, *St. Simeon Stylites*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, "Break, break, break," and the three poems "You ask me why," "Of old sat Freedom," "Love thou thy land." Such pieces as these represent the mature art of their author, and some of them he never surpassed. It was about the time of the publication of these volumes that the fortunes of their author reached their lowest point. The failure of a manufacturing scheme in which he had invested all his means left him penniless. "Then followed," says his son and biographer, "a season of real hardship, and many trials for my father and mother, since marriage seemed to be further off than ever. So severe a hypochondria set in upon him that his friends despaired of his life. 'I have,' he writes, 'drunk one of those most bitter draughts out of the cup of life, which go near to make men hate the world they live in.'" But, at length, the fates became propitious. In the first place the excellence of the collected poems of 1842 rapidly won general recognition; during his ten years of silence Tennyson's reputation had been steadily growing, the two volumes of 1842 set it upon a firm basis. From that day to this, he has held the first place in general estimation among contemporary poets. In 1845 Wordsworth pronounced him "decidedly the first of our living poets"; in the same year the fourth edition of the *Poems* of 1842 was called for, and the publisher, Moxon, said that Tennyson was the only poet by the publication of whose works he had not been a loser. Further, in 1845, the prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, through the intervention of Tennyson's old college friend Milnes (Lord Houghton), conferred upon him a pension of £200

a year. This was a timely relief to pecuniary difficulties which were at this date very embarrassing. *The Princess*, his first long work, was published in 1847. Through a fanciful story of a Princess who founds a university for women, it gave a poetical presentation and solution of the 'woman question'; but rather disappointed, at the time, the high expectations excited by the earlier writings. On the other hand, *In Memoriam*, which appeared in 1850, has from the beginning been considered one of the finest products of his genius. It consists of a series of lyrics giving utterance to various moods and thoughts to which the great sorrow of his youth had given birth. These had been carefully elaborated during a long period, are extraordinarily finished in their expression and are fuller of substance than any other of the more ambitious works of their author. No other poem so adequately represents the current thought and average attitude of Tennyson's generation in regard to many of the great problems of the time. In the year of the publication of *In Memoriam*, the laureateship, rendered vacant by the death of Wordsworth, was bestowed upon its author. In the same year his marriage with Emily Sellwood took place. They had been separated from one another for ten years; Tennyson's age was forty-one, the bride's thirty-seven. But their fidelity was rewarded. "The peace of God," Tennyson said, "came into my life before the altar when I married her"; and indeed the remainder of the poet's long life, apart from the death in the first years of manhood of his second son, is a record of happiness and success such as does not fall to the lot of many men.

After a tour in Italy the Tennysons in 1853 took up their residence at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, which was henceforth their home, and the poet entered upon a period of sure and increasing popularity and growing worldly prosperity. He never relaxed, however, even in advanced old age, his strenuous poetic industry; hence a long series of works of a high order of merit, of which we will mention only the more important. In 1855, *Maud*, a lyrical monodrama, was published, about which critical opinion was then and still remains greatly divided, though the poet himself regarded it with special favour. In 1857, Bayard Taylor visited Tennyson at his home and records his impressions: "He is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of Southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs. He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep comb

of the chalk cliff, and slowly wandered westward until we reached the Needles, at the extremity of the Island, and some three or four miles distant from his residence. During the conversation with which we beguiled the way, I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, were perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark that I had once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author [Thackeray] that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew."

Tennyson, as such poems as *The Lady of Shalott* and *Morte d'Arthur* show, had been early attracted by the legendary tales of King Arthur, which to several poets had seemed a rich storehouse of poetical material. About the year 1857 he began to occupy himself specially with these legends; and from this time on until the middle seventies his chief energy was given to the composition of a series of poems from these sources, which were ultimately arranged to form a composite whole, entitled the *Idylls of the King*. These poems proved very acceptable to the general taste, and the poet began to reap a fortune from the sale of his works. Of the volume published in 1862, entitled *Enoch Arden*, which mainly consisted of English Idyls, sixty thousand copies were rapidly sold. This, perhaps, marks the height of his popularity.

In 1875 he entered on a new field with the publication of an historical drama, *Queen Mary*, followed in 1876 by a similar work, *Harold*, and by other dramatic pieces in later years. In the drama Tennyson was less successful than in any other department which he attempted, and this lack of success gave rise to a widespread feeling that his powers were now in decline. Such a conclusion was most decisively negatived by the appearance of *Ballads and Other Poems* in 1880, where he returned to less ambitious and lengthy but more congenial forms—a collection which Mr. Theodore Watts terms "the most richly various volume of English verse that has appeared in [Tennyson's] century." At intervals until the very close of his long life, he produced similar miscellaneous collections of poems: *Tiresias and Other Poems*, 1885, *Demeter and Other Poems*,* 1889, *The Death of Oenone and Other Poems*, 1892. Some of the pieces contained in these miscellanies were doubtless the gleanings of earlier years; but in others there were qualities which clearly showed them to be the

* Twenty thousand copies of this book were sold within a week.

products of a new epoch in a genius that went on changing and developing even in advanced old age. In the most characteristic pieces, *The Revenge*, *The Relief of Lucknow*, *Rizpah*, *Vastness*, etc., there is a vigour and dramatic force absent in his earlier work, with less of that minute finish and elaborate perfection of phrase which is so often his chief merit. On the other hand, in *Freedom*, *To Virgil*, and *Crossing the Bar*, we have poems in the more familiar Tennysonian style, not a whit inferior to similar compositions in the volumes of his prime. In 1884 Tennyson was raised to the peerage as Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. The first part of his title was derived from a second residence which he had built for himself in Surrey, choosing a very retired situation in order that he might escape the idle curiosity of tourists. In 1886, the second great sorrow of his life befell Tennyson; his younger son, Lionel, died on the return voyage from India, where he had contracted a fever.

To Tennyson's continued mental vigour in advanced old age, his works bear testimony; his bodily strength was also little abated. "At eighty-two," his son reports, "my father preserved the high spirits of youth. He would defy his friends to get up twenty times quickly from a low chair without touching it with their hands while he was performing this feat himself, and one afternoon he had a long waltz with M—— in the ball room." This vigour was maintained almost to the very close of his long life. It was the sixth of October, 1892, when the great poet breathed his last. "Nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours," writes his medical attendant. "On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, 'drawing thicker breath,' irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.'" "Some friends and servants came to see him. He looked very grand and peaceful with the deep furrows of thought almost smoothed away, and the old clergyman of Lurgashall stood by the bed with his hands raised, and said, 'Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who made you a prince of men. Farewell!'"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

This poem first appeared in the volume of 1830, and has undergone only slight alterations in text. It is a good example of the poet's earliest work,—of its musical charm and pictorial character, of richness and elaborateness of diction and imagery carried even to excess. It paints a series of pictures, charming from their sensuous beauty, which are suggested to Tennyson's imagination by reminiscences of the *Arabian Nights*, more particularly of one of the stories, that of *Nur Al-Din Ali and the Damsel Anis al Jalis*, especially of that part of the story narrated on the Thirty-sixth Night. The varying arrangement of the rhymes in the several stanzas should be noted.

Arabian Nights. The famous collection of Arabian stories known as *The Thousand and One Nights*, which, in abbreviated selections, is familiar to most children, especially through the story of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*.

7. **Bagdat.** A city situated on both banks of the Tigris, some 500 miles from its mouth. "It has an extremely picturesque appearance from the outside, being encircled and interspersed with groves of date trees, through which one may catch the gleams of domes and minarets." In the 9th century it was greatly enlarged by Haroun al Raschid.

fretted. Ornamented with bands arranged at right angles.

10. **golden prime.** The epithet is not used in its literal sense, but as suggesting the Age of Gold—the period when, according to ancient myth, the world was in its perfection. *Prime* is the season of highest vigour and splendour.

11. **Haroun Al-Raschid** ('the orthodox'), flourished 786-809 A.D. (*i.e.*, about the time of Charlemagne), caliph of Bagdat, famed for his bravery and magnificence, and for his patronage of literature and art.

12. **Anight.** 'By night'; cf. *As You Like It*, ii., 4: "Coming anight to Jane Smile."

23. **clear-stemm'd platans.** Oriental plane-trees which run up smoothly for some height before sending out their wide-spreading branches.

28-29. The green sward with its flowers resembled "damask-work" (raised patterns in a woven fabric) or "deep inlay" (ornamental work when pieces of wood, metal, ivory, etc., are let into a background of some different, or differently coloured, material).

40. **clomb.** Such antiquated verbal forms are very frequently employed by Tennyson.

47. **rivage.** Bank; Rolfe compares Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv., 6, 20:

The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throws forth upon the rivage round about him near.

48-49. Note the abundance of epithets here, and throughout the poem.

52. **sparkling flints.** 'The gravel at the bottom of the stream'; it seems scarcely probable that these would be visible in the circumstances.

58. **engrain'd.** Properly 'dyed in fast colours'; the poet seems still to have the idea of a woven fabric in his mind, as at line 28.

63. **studded wide.** 'Embossed at intervals.' The word "studded" keeps up the idea of an ornamented surface (cf. ll. 25, 58).

64. **With disks and tiars.** "Disks" suggests round, flattish blossoms, "tiars" more elongated and convex forms. "Tiara" is properly an eastern hat, and is naturally suggested by the locality of the poem. For the poetical form "tiar," cf. *Par. Lost*, iii., 625.

70. **bulbul.** The Persian name for the nightingale.

71. **Not he,** etc. The song of the nightingale seems to express too much to be the voice of a bird merely.

74-75. 'A something which is eternal, of complex nature, irrepressible, above conditions of time and space.' With the whole passage cf. Keats' *Ode to a Nightingale*.

76. **flattering.** 'Lending a lustre to'; cf. *Aylmer's Field*: "A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs," and Shakespeare, *Sonnet*, 33:

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye.

81. **A sudden splendour.** The light from the pavilion of the Caliphate (see l. 114).

84. **counterchanged.** 'Interchanged'; cf. *In Memoriam*, lxxxix:

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright.

101. **pleasance.** Archaic and poetical for 'pleasure.' Cf. the following passage from the original story in the *Arabian Nights*: "Now this garden was named the Garden of Gladness and therein stood a belvedere hight the Palace of Pleasure."

106. **rosaries.** In the sense of the Latin original (*rosarium*), 'gardens, or beds, of roses.'

108. Symbols that belonged to, or recalled, the time.

114. **Caliphat** (usually "Caliphate") the dominion of the Caliphs, or successors of Mahomet.

123. **quintessence**. The stress is usually upon the second syllable, but the pronunciation which the metre here requires, is also admissible.

125. **silvers**. A bold use of the plural, meaning of course 'silver candlesticks.'

127. **mooncd**. 'Ornamented with crescents'—the symbol of Turkish dominion, hence an anachronism here.

148. **diaper'd**. The word is applied to material covered with a regularly repeated pattern produced in the weaving without use of colour.

148-9. The lines seem to suggest that the cloth of gold had inwrought upon it garlands of flowers (as a border probably) and, besides that, a regularly repeated pattern (presumably in the main body of the cloth).

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

First published in 1832, but, as the notes show, the poem has been greatly improved by later revision. It is the first work which Tennyson based upon Arthurian legends; in this case contained, according to Palgrave, in an Italian novel (see note on l. 9). *Lancelot and Elaine* is a very different treatment of the same story where the interest is more human and the motives and characters perfectly comprehensible. Here we have a beautiful series of pictures presenting part of the history of a mysterious being, involved in a strange fate. This mystery of the poem suggests symbolism, to which the poet was inclined, as, for example, in *The Palace of Art* and *The Idylls of the King*; so Mr. Hutton seems to think that the history of the poet's own genius is shadowed forth, which "was sick of the magic of fancy and its picture-shadows, and was turning away from them to the poetry of human life." "The key to this tale of magic 'symbolism' is of deep human significance, and is to be found, perhaps, in the lines:

Or when the moon was overhead
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows' said
The Lady of Shalott.

Canon Ainger in his *Tennyson for the Young* quotes the following interpretation given him by my father: 'The new-born love of something, for some one, in the wide world from which she has been so long

excluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities.” (*Life I, 116.*) It was doubtless, however, the picturesque aspects of the subject, rather than any deep human significance, that attracted and occupied the poet.

3. **wold.** ‘Open country.’ The landscape the poet was most familiar with at this time was the landscape of Lincolnshire. According to the *Century Dictionary* “The wolds of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire are high rolling districts, bearing trees and exactly similar to the downs of the southern part of England.” The word appears in *Lear*, iii, 4, in the form “old.”

5. **many-tower'd Camelot.** Camelot is the capital of Arthur's domain, identified with Winchester by Malory (Bk. II, chap. xix); but in Tennyson's treatment of the Arthurian legends, the scenes and geography are wholly imaginary, and the poet seems purposely to shun any touch which might serve to connect his scenes with actual localities.

In *Gareth and Lynette* we have a description of Camelot:

Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of ancient kings who did their days in stone;
Which Merlin's hand, the mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.

10. **Willows whiten** through the breeze exposing the lower and lighter side of the willow leaves.

11. **dusk and shiver.** The darkening is due to the breaking up of the smooth surface of the water so that it no longer reflects the light.

76. **greaves.** ‘Armor to protect the shins.’

82. **free.** The bridle was held with a slack hand.

84. **Galaxy.** The Milky Way (from Gk. γάλα γάλακτος, milk).

baldric. ‘A belt worn over one shoulder and crossing the breast.’

91. **All.** Cf. Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*:

All in a hot and copper sky.

119. Note how throughout the poem, the season of the year and the weather are made to harmonize with the events of the story; the same device is adopted in the *Idylls of the King*.

OENONE.

First printed in the volume of 1832; but, in parts, greatly altered and improved since. It is the first of the Tennysonian *Idylls* proper—a form imitating in general character and in style the works of Theocritus, a Greek poet of the Alexandrian period. Further, it is an example of Tennyson's practice of infusing a modern spirit into a classical theme. The latter affords a picturesque framework with opportunities for beautiful details to charm the imaginative vision and gratify the æsthetic taste; the former gives elevation, and profounder interest and significance to the subject. In the present poem the combination is not so complete and successful as in some other poems (*Ulysses*, for example) being chiefly found in Athene's speech, but the theme is brought closer to the reader's sympathies by the pathetic interest of the situation.

Ida. The mountain chain to the south of the district of Troas.

Ionian. Ionia was the name applied to a narrow strip of the coast of Asia Minor from the river Hermus, on the north, to the Meander, on the south.

3-5. Those who have seen the movements of mist on the mountains will appreciate the felicity of this description.

10. **topmost Gargarus.** The summit of Gargarus; a Latin idiom, cf. "summons mous." *Gargarus* is one of the highest peaks in Ida, some 5,000 feet above the sea.

13. **Ilion.** Troy.

15-16. **forlorn Of Paris.** Bereft of Paris; cf. *Par. Lost*, x., 921: "Forlorn of thee."

23-24. A refrain repeated at intervals through the poem, is a frequent peculiarity of Greek idylls.

27. Cf. Theocritus, *Idyll* vii., 22: ἀνίκα δὴ καὶ σαῦρος ἐφ' αἰμασιαῖσι καθέβει (When, indeed, the lizard is sleeping on the wall of loose stones).

28-29. **and the cicala sleeps.** The purple flowers droop. In 1884 this was changed to: "and the winds are dead. The purple flowers droop," because, in fact, the cicala is loudest at noon.

37. **cold crown'd snake.** Theocritus speaks of the *cold* snake; "crown'd" refers to its crest or hood. The resemblance of the crest to a crown is the probable origin of the name "basilisk," which is a diminutive formed from the Greek word for 'king.'

38. **a River-God.** According to the myth, this river-god was Kebren (Κεβρήν).

40-42. According to the myth, the walls of Troy rose under the influence of Apollo's lyre (see Ovid, *Heroides*, xv., 179) ; cf. *Tithonus*,

Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

52. **Simois.** One of the rivers of Troas.

48. **lawn.** Originally meant a clearing in a wood, then a meadow.

55. **solitary morning.** Refers to the remoteness and aloofness of the first rays of direct light from the sun.

57. The light of a star becomes pale and white in the dawn. Cf. *The Princess*, iii., 1 : "morn in the white wake of the morning star," and *Marriage of Geraint*, 734 : "the white and glittering star of morn."

61-62. The wind carries the spray into the air, and the increased number of watery particles which break up the rays of light, intensify the colour.

66. In the fabulous gardens of the Hesperides at the western limit of the world were certain famous golden apples, which it was one of the labours of Hercules to obtain.

67. **Ambrosia** was the food of the Greek gods.

74. **whatever Oread haunt.** Imitation of a classical construction = 'any Oread that haunts.' *Oread* means 'mountain-nymph.'

76. **married brows.** "Eyebrows that meet," considered a great beauty by the Greeks.

80. **full-faced,** according to Rowe and Webb "'not a face being absent,' or perhaps also in allusion to the majestic brows of the Gods." But the reference seems rather to be to the fact that the apple was cast *full in the face of all the Gods*. The picture presented by the words "When all—Peleus" is that of the Olympian gods facing the spectator in a long row.

97. **amaracus, and asphodel.** Greek names of flowers ; the former identified by some with sweet marjoram, the latter is a species of lily. In *Odyssey* ii., 539, the shades of the heroes are represented as haunting an asphodel meadow.

104. The crested peacock was sacred to Here (Juno).

128. Paris was the son of Priam, King of Troy ; but as a dream of his mother, Hecuba, indicated that the child was to bring misfortune to the

city, he was exposed on mount Ida, where he was found by a shepherd, who brought the boy up as his own son.

144-150. The sentiment of these five lines is characteristic of Tennyson and his work. He is the poet of self-control, moderation, duty, law, as his work is the manifestation of these very qualities.

153. **Sequel of guerdon.** ' 'A reward to follow,' 'the addition of a reward.'

163-167. 'The mature will, having passed through all kinds of experience, and having come to be identical with law (or duty) is commensurate with perfect freedom.' To the truly disciplined will, obedience to law or duty is perfect freedom, because that is all that the perfected will desires; cf. the phrase in the Collect for Peace in the *Book of Common Prayer*, "O God . . . whose service is perfect freedom."

174. **Idalian.** So called from Idalium, a mountain city in Cyprus, reputed to be one of her favourite haunts.

175. According to the myth, Aphrodite was born of the foam of the sea. *Paphos* was a city in Cyprus where she first landed after her birth from the waves.

178. **Ambrosial.** The epithet is often applied by Homer to the hair of the gods, and to other things belonging to them. It may refer here to the fragrance of the hair.

187. This was Helen, wife of Menelaus, King of Lacedaemen. Paris subsequently carried her off, and this was the cause of the Trojan war, and the destruction of Troy itself.

208. In order to build ships for Paris' expedition to Greece, where he was to carry off Helen.

219. **trembling.** Refers to the *twinkling* of the stars.

224. **The Abominable.** Eris, the goddess of strife.

245-50. She has vague premonitions of the evils to befall the city of Troy in consequence of Paris' winning the fairest wife in Greece.

263. **Cassandra,** daughter of Priam, upon whom Apollo bestowed the gift of prophecy, with the drawback that her prophecies should never be believed. Accordingly, when she prophesied the siege and destruction of Troy, they shut her up in prison as a mad woman.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

First published among the poems of 1832 ; in the edition of 1842 important changes were made. The germ of the poem is contained in a few lines of the *Odyssey*, ix., 82, fol.—“But on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the Lotos-eaters, who feed on food of flowers. . . . I sent forward ship mates to go and ask what manner of men they might be who lived in the land by bread, having picked out two men, and sent a third with them to be a herald. And they went their way forthwith and mixed with the Lotos-eaters ; so the Lotos-eaters plotted not harm to our ship mates, but gave them of lotos to eat. But whoever of them ate the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, no longer was he willing to bring back tidings or to come back ; but there they wished to abide, feeding on the lotos with the lotos-eaters, and all forgetful of home.”

In this passage the poet found the situation, and the suggestion of languor, of indifference to active life and the ties of affection. He creates a charming landscape in harmony with, and lending emphasis to, the mood of the central human figures. The poem is largely descriptive, but the description is not intended merely to bring pictures before the mental vision, but to express a human mood and experience ; this gives an interest and elevation which are absent from mere material descriptions which are apt soon to weary.

The opening part of the poem is written in Spenserian stanza ; the large compass and slow musical movement of this stanza fit it especially for detailed description.

Lotus was a name applied to several different species of plants ; it is supposed that the species referred to in the story of the *Odyssey* is the *Zizyphus Lotus*, a low thorny shrub bearing fruit about the size of a sloe, with sweet farinaceous pulp.

1. **he said.** The leader of the band, *i. e.*, Ulysses.

9. The movement of the verse with its three marked pauses and “the length and soft amplitude of the vowel sounds with liquid consonants,” as Mr. Roden Noel remarks, happily echoes the sense. Cf. Milton’s

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve
A summer’s day.

19. The sunset seemed to linger as if charmed by the beautiful scene which it was leaving.

21. **yellow down.** *Downs* are rolling hills (see note on *Lady of Shalott*, l. 3). It has been suggested that the downs are *yellow* because

of the evening light, but in that case the mountains would be yellow also, whereas, the colour seems to mark out the 'down' from the rest of the landscape; further, ll. 15-18 seem to show that the sun was so low as only to touch the *tops* of the mountains. The *down* is probably, therefore, yellow from the character of vegetation upon it, perhaps covered with the yellow-flowered lotus.

23. **galingale.** "Generally used of *Cyperus Longus*, one of the sedges; but the Papyrus species is here intended" (Palgrave). The papyrus is a sedge, growing in still pools, rising some 8 or 10 feet above the water.

34. The voices of the dead were supposed to be shrill and weak; so Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi., 492, speaks of their voices as *exiguam vocem*, so Theocritus, xiii., 59. Shakespeare (*Hamlet I.*, 1) says: "the sheeted dead Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

38. The sun was setting in the west, the moon rising in the east (see l. 7).

CHORIC SONG.

The narrative stanza of Spenser is now changed to the varied metre of a choral ode, to suit the varying feelings to which lyric expression is to be given. The theme is the folly of struggle with the difficulties of life—let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.

49. **gleaming** refers, according to Rowe and Webb, to the reflections of light from particles of mica, quartz, etc., in the granite; but doubtless, as Dr. Sykes notes, the reference is to the reflections of the light of the sky upon the water.

56. The narcotic properties of the poppy (from one species opium is made) associate it with sleep.

66. **slumber's holy balm.** Macbeth (Act ii., 1) speaks of "the innocent sleep balm of hurt minds."

73. Cf. *Matthew*, vi., vv. 25 fol.

102. **amber light.** See l. 19.

106. **crisping ripples.** "Wavelets that curl at the edges. Cf. *Claribel*, 'The babbling runnell crispeth.' Milton has 'crisped brooks' in *Par.*, *Lost*, iv." (Rowe and Webb).

106-7. These two lines exemplify Tennyson's power of presenting the minuter phenomena of nature in picturesque phrase.

120. **island princes**, etc. "The princes of Ithaca and the neighbouring islands, which were their homes." The state of things represented in ll. 120-123 did, according to the *Odyssey*, exist in Ithaca.

amaranth. A fabulous flower which (as the etymology indicates) never faded, so Milton speaks of "immortal amaranth," *Par. Lost*, iii., 353.

moly. Another fabulous plant with magic virtues, given by Hermes to Ulysses as a counter-charm to the draught of Circe. (Cf. *Ody.*, x., 305, and Milton, *Comus*, 636.

134. **lowly** is used as if the adverbial form from "low," as in *The Lady of Shalott*, 146.

139. **dewy echoes.** The epithet is vague but suggestive, after the manner of Keats; dewy cannot properly be applied to echoes; it seems to suggest the sound of waterfalls dashing into spray.

142. **wov'n acanthus-wreath divine.** 'Through the masses of acanthus foliage.' *Acanthus*, a plant with graceful pendant leaves whose form is familiar to us in the capital of Corinthian columns.

149. Note the metrical effect produced by beginning the lines with the stressed syllable; this gives an animation in keeping with a change of tone in the singers, who now make up their minds as to their course.

153. **equal mind.** A classic phrase; cf., Horace, *Od.*, ii., 3,
 aequam memento rebus in arduis
 servare mentem.

154. **hollow.** 'Consisting of a valley,' or 'full of valleys'; cf. opening description.

155. fol. The calmness and indifference of the Gods was a notion of the Epicureans and is depicted by Lucretius.

156. **nectar** and ambrosia was the proper diet of the Olympian divinities.

167. **little dues.** The small returns which they get from sowing the seed; etc.

168. **hell.** 'Hades' where Greek story represents Ixion, Tantalus, etc., suffering endless torments.

169. **Elysian valleys.** *Elysium* or the Elysian fields is described in Homer as the habitation of heroes after death—the Greek heaven (see *Ody.*, iv., 563).

170. **asphodel.** See note on *Oenone*, l. 95.

‘YOU ASK ME WHY, THO’ ILL AT EASE.’

This and the two following pieces were first published in 1842, but we are told that they were written in 1833. The poem before us exhibits the poet’s pride in his country, and in that steady development of her political institutions—that combined conservatism and progress—which distinguishes her history.

2. **this region.** England. There is a reference to its misty climate in the following line, as compared with the more brilliant atmosphere of “the South.”

6. **sober-suited Freedom.** Not a showy freedom since it does not exhibit itself in institutions strikingly democratic; the English constitution may not commend itself to those who seek for external forms markedly popular, but it contains the substance of freedom.

11-12. English history is full of examples of this, both in politics and law. Compare Macaulay’s famous comments on the Revolution of 1688 towards the close of chap. x. of his *History*.

‘OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.’

1-4. Of old, freedom was not actually realised in human society, but existed as an ideal out of the reach of man; so the poet represents her as dwelling on the heights amidst the unfettered play of the great forces of nature.

6. ‘Self-contained and prepared for that future growth of liberty which she foresees.’

7-8. ‘Earlier men had some partial perception and experience of freedom.’

15-16. The poet has in mind, perhaps, the common representation of Britannia with the trident in her hand to symbolize the dominion of the sea. The trident is the symbol of Neptune, hence “God-like.” Cf. also the common representation of Jove with the triple thunderbolt in his hands.

‘LOVE THOU THY LAND, WITH LOVE FAR-BROUGHT.’

This poem is an expansion of the concluding lines immediately preceding. It was written soon after the passing of the first Reform Bill—a time of hopefulness, for the extreme tension had been relieved by a bloodless revolution—a time of anxiety for moderate thinkers, as initiating, perhaps, a too rapid transfer of power to the hands of an ignorant democracy.

3-4. **but transfused**, etc. 'The true patriot will take thought for the possibilities of future development.' Cf. lines 15 and 16 of "You ask me why."

19. **sky**. 'Climate,' 'region.' 'Sky' is the subject of the subjunctive "bear" in the next line.

28. **watch-words**. Phrases which embody some prevalent idea, as "The brotherhood of man," "The unity of the empire." Lines 29 and 30 are an expansion of line 28.

33. **That** is a relative pronoun referring to "law." A good law will be the result of discussions which will have exposed all its aspects; it will, in consequence, represent and serve to bind together the interest of various classes; and, as corresponding to felt needs, will be a living and effective force, not a mere dead letter on the statute-book.

37. **cold and warm**, etc. There is a reference to the old idea of nature being composed of four elements. Cf. Milton's description of Chaos, *Par. Lost*, II., 892:

For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms.

45-48. 'The new must adjust itself to that which is passing away' ("that which flies"). There seems to be awkwardness and incongruity in the expression of this stanza.

50-52. The realization of new ideas in practice has usually been accompanied with violence.

61. 'The forms of government which are to preside over future developments.'

67-68. The image is that of a hurricane carried over the face of the earth accompanied by Discord.

74. 'In these later years of the world's history, as well as in former times.'

87. Cf. *Matthew*, x., 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

95. **Earn well the thrifty months**. 'Deserve well the months during which something may be laid up for the future.' But perhaps the poet uses "earn" with something of the sense of "harvest"; in provincial English, it is said to have the sense 'glean,' and is etymologically connected with Ger. "ernte," meaning 'harvest.'

THE EPIC.

AND THE EPILOGUE (ll. 273-303).

The lines under *The Epic* were written by the poet (and are included in these Selections) merely as an introduction to the *Morte d'Arthur*. The abrupt opening and fragmentary character of the latter poem seemed to need an explanation, just as certain peculiarities of the story of *The Princess* require an explanation, and in both cases Tennyson makes use of a setting—a prologue and epilogue. Lines 27-28 need not be taken as literally true of Tennyson; it is extremely unlikely that he had written twelve books on the story of Arthur, but they do indicate that *Morte d'Arthur* is only portion of a larger scheme which was subsequently realized in *Idylls of the King*. Mrs. Ritchie quotes Tennyson as saying: "When I was twenty-four, I meant to write a whole great poem on it (the Arthurian story), and began it in the *Morte d'Arthur*. I said I should do it in twenty years but the reviews stopped me. By Arthur I always meant the soul, and by the Round Table the passions and capacities of man. There is no grander subject in the world than King Arthur." Here the poet, besides telling that, when he wrote *Morte d'Arthur*, he had the larger scheme in his mind, also asserts the symbolic nature of the poem; and this is a point to which *The Epic* and epilogue before us draw attention. The imaginary audience in *The Epic* are interested in the most modern questions, 'geology and schism,' etc., and old things are passing away. This is true also of Tennyson's real audience and the real world. To such an audience the poet comes with a story from old 'heroic times,' fashioned after the manner of the father of poetry, Homer; what interest can it have for them? The answer is hinted at, in the epilogue (276, fol.); Tennyson insinuates (modesty forbids him to put his claim openly):—first, that there is perhaps a certain charm in the style (a charm which every reader will grant); second, that there is something of modern thought in the poem—it is not a mere description of external events as Homer's account would have been, but contains something of a deeper significance. In the dream (288, fol.) Tennyson gives a further hint that some, at least, of these "modern touches" are conveyed through symbolism. Arthur according to the old story was to come again; he did not really die. The poet seizes upon this to point the moral of his tale, which is contained in lines 240-241:

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.

His hearers say the old honour is gone from Christmas (*The Epic*, l. 7), there is a general decay of faith (l. 18); the poet substantially answers: "Not so, your decay is not real decay, but change, development. The old ideals pass away, but only to give place to higher ones; the old English ideal, King Arthur, has gone, but reappears in nobler form — 'the modern gentleman'; and so we can confidently anticipate in future generations (297, fol.) a continual progress to perfection." *The Epic* opens with the lament that Christmas is gone, but the Epilogue closes with the ringing of bells that announce that Christmas still exists: old customs connected with it may indeed be passing away, but the real essence of the Christmas festival still abides. One may compare the well-known lyric from *In Memoriam*, "Ring out wild bells" (cvi.). *Morte d'Arthur* therefore represents some of the most characteristic aspects of the poet's thought (as well as the most characteristic beauties of his style)—his faith in human progress, his belief in development,—in a slow and steady development in which the old does not pass away, but reshapes itself to new forms in accordance with new conditions.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

This poem was first published in the volumes of 1842; Edward Fitzgerald states that it was read to him from MS. in 1835, and then lacked introduction and epilogue. Again he says, "Mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, deep-chested music, this is something as A. T. reads . . . His voice very deep and deep-chested, but rather murmuring than mouthing, like the sound of a far sea or of a pine-wood, I remember, greatly struck Carlyle." Tennyson according to his son (*Life I*, p. 194), warned his readers "not to press too hardly on details whether for history or for allegory."

In 1869, when the greater number of *The Idylls of the King* had been written, Tennyson took this poem out of its setting, prefixed 169 lines, and added 30 at the close, in order to fit it to be the conclusion of the series of *Idylls of the King*, in this shape it is entitled *The Passing of Arthur*. The added lines serve to make the connection with the other idylls closer, and to bring out the symbolic meaning, which in the earlier form had not, in the body of the poem, been very prominent; indeed, *Morte d'Arthur* may, according to the feelings of some readers at least, be best enjoyed without thought of symbolism.

The source of *Morte d'Arthur* is Sir Thomas Malory's version of the Arthurian legends—a book entitled *Morte d'Arthur*, written about 1570.

The original is followed with remarkable closeness in parts, and the comparison is so interesting that we quote the whole (*viz.*, chap. v. of Bk. xxi.) :—

Ah, Sir Launcelot, said king Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting, the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, that the part of his bowels fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when king Arthur came to himself again, he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his bowels lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is unto me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me: for, wit thou well, and I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah traitor, untrue, said king Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur.

Now put me into the barge, said the king: and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps king Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold. And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies. Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar of a chapel and an hermitage.

1. **So** refers to a supposed preceding portion, *Morte d'Arthur* being, as indicated in *The Epic*, a mere fragment.

3. **King Arthur's table.** The famous "Round Table" with its 150 seats. After it was named the order of knights established by Arthur,

A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time. —Guinevere.

4. **Lyonnesse.** A fabulous country extending from Cornwall to the Sicily Isles, and supposed to have been subsequently submerged by the sea.

6. **bold Sir Bedivere.** "Bold" is a permanent epithet that is connected with Sir Bedivere when there is no reason in the context for calling attention to that particular quality. Such permanent epithets are especially common in Homer, so Achilles is *ποδάρκης* (swift footed), Ulysses *πολίμητις* (crafty), etc. In Virgil *pious* is a frequent epithet of Aeneas; in Scott, William of Deloraine is "good at need."

21. **Camelot.** See note on *Lady of Shalott*, l. 5.

23. **Merlin.** The famous enchanter; he received Arthur at his birth, and reappears repeatedly in the legends; he is one of the chief characters in the *Idyll Merlin and Vivien*.

23-24. Cf. *The Coming of Arthur*, where this prophecy in regard to Arthur is referred to—

And Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn,
Though men may wound him, that he will not die, .
But pass, and come again.

27. **Excalibur.** The word is said to be of Celtic origin and to mean 'cut-steel'; Spenser calls Arthur's sword *Morddure*, *i.e.*, 'the hard-biter.' In the stories of chivalry, the sword, spear, etc., of the heroes,

which often possessed magical powers, have commonly special names. In the following stanza from Longfellow, the names of the swords of Charlemagne, The Cid, Orlando, Arthur, and Lancelot are successively mentioned :

It is the sword of a good Knight,
Tho' homespun be his mail :
What matter if it be not bright
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Aroundight.

31. **samite** is a rich silk stuff interwoven with threads of gold and silver.

37. **middle mere.** 'Middle of the mere.' Tennyson is imitating a common Latin construction; cf. note on *Oenone*, 10.

38. **lightly.** 'Nimble,' 'quickly'; the word is used frequently by Malory.

43. **hest.** 'Command'; frequent in Shakespeare, etc.

48-51. Note the variations of consonants, vowels, and pauses in this line to give sound effects in keeping with the sense.

51. **levels.** "The classic *aequora* may have suggested the 'shining levels,' but there is a deeper reason for the change of phrase, for the great water as seen from the high ground, becomes a series of flashing surfaces when Sir Bedivere looks along it from its margin" (Brimley).

55. **keen with frost.** We connect frost with transparency of the air, and the transparency of the air made the moonlight clearer.

57. **Jacinth.** Another form of hyacinth; the name is applied to a bright coloured, transparent variety of zircon of various shades of red passing into orange.

60. Now looking at one side of the question, now at another. The line is a translation of *Aeneid*, iv., 285: *Atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc dividit illuc.*

63. **the many-knotted waterflags.** This refers presumably to the iris which, with its blue and yellow flowers and sword shaped leaves, is so common near streams, pools, etc. What the poet refers to by "many-knotted" is not clear.

70-71. "The ripple *washing in the reeds*," and the "wild water *lapping on the crags*" are "two phrases marking exactly the difference of sound produced by water swelling up against a permeable or impermeable barrier" (Brimley).

80. **lief.** 'Dear' (A. S. *leaf*), used by Chaucer (*e.g.*, *Troilus and Crysedes*, iii., l. 596: *myn uncle lief and dere*"), Spenser, etc., but now obsolete except in the colloquial phrase, "I had as lief."

86. **chased.** 'Engraved with ornamental designs.'

103-106. Malory, i., 22, tells how Arthur first saw the Lady of the Lake: 'So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo, said Merlin, yonder, is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake: What damsel is that, said Arthur. That is the Lady of the Lake, said Merlin; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any upon earth and richly beseen.'

110. **conceit.** Used, as often in Shakespeare, in the original sense of 'conception,' 'idea'; cf. *Merch. of Venice*, iii., 4, 2: "You have a noble and a true conceit of godlike amity."

112. The repetition of lines and phrases is Homeric.

129. **for.** 'Since': a use of *for* common in Shakespeare, *e.g.*, *Richard III.*, ii., 2, 85 (see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 151).

139. **a streamer of the northern morn.** A ray of the Aurora Borealis (Aurora=dawn, Borealis=northern). Cf. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, iv., 9:

Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north.

171. **Remorsefully.** 'With pity.' *Remorse* is employed by Shakespeare in sense of 'pity'; so *Merch. of Ven.*, iv., 1, 20:

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.

183. The effect that mist has in enlarging the apparent size of objects is a matter of common experience, cf. *Guinevere*, 597:

The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold.

186. **Dry clash'd.** We speak of *liquid* sounds; *dry* as applied to sounds means harsh and abrupt. Cf. *The Voyage*, 1.10:

Warm broke the breeze against the brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail.

harness. 'Body-armour'—the original meaning of the word. Cf. *Macbeth*, v., 5, 52: "At least we'll die with harness on our back."

186-90. Similar sound-effects in frosty air are noted by Wordsworth, *Influence of Natural Objects*:—

With the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron.

193. **hove.** For 'hove in sight'; from *heave* 'to rise,' as in Gray's *Elegy*: "Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap"; the phrase is applied to a vessel *rising* above the horizon.

197. **Black-stoled.** *Stole* is a long loose robe reaching to the feet; cf. *Sir Galahad*, 43.

tingling. As if the stars had nerves which thrilled in response.

209. **casque.** 'Helmet.'

215. **greaves.** See note on *Lady of Shalott*, l. 76.

cuisse. Armour for the thighs; cf. *I. Hen. IV.*, iv., 1, 105: "His cuisses on his thighs."

235. Cf. Malory, xiv., 2: "Also Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right."

240-1. These two lines give expression to the inner sense of the poem. Cf. *In Memoriam*, Prologue:

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

254. The idea of the earth being bound to the heavens by a gold chain is an old one, and has been supposed to originate with Homer (*Iliad*, viii., 25-26). It is found in *Par. Lost*, ii., 1051.

259. Malory speaks in one passage of a valley and in others of an island of Avilion—mere places of earth, however; but in Celtic legend the name is connected with the habitation of the blest, and it is in that sense that the poet uses it here.

232. Cf. *Matthew* ii., 1-11.

234. **Round Table.** See note on l. 3.

263. **crown'd with summer sea.** (Cf. *Odysssey*, x., 195: *νήσον, τὴν περὶ πάντος ἀπείριτος ἔστεφανώσται* (an island round which the infinite sea has made a crown).

267. **fluting.** 'Singing with flute-like notes.' The notion of the swan singing before death is very ancient; it is found in Virgil, Pliny, etc.; cf. *Othello*, v., 2: "I will play the swan and die in music," Tennyson's *Dying Swan*, etc.

268. **Ruffles.** Refers to the slight opening out of the wings when the swan swims.

269. **swarthy webs.** 'The dark webbed feet.'

•
ULYSSES.

This poem was first published in 1842, and has remained unaltered. Among the Greeks who fought against Troy, Ulysses was conspicuous, especially for fortitude, wisdom, and craft. On his return voyage to Ithaca, he gave offence to Poseidon (Neptune), and was in consequence delayed by numerous misfortunes. These adventures are the subject of the *Odyssey*, which represents him as finally restored to his kingdom and his faithful wife Penelope.

Tennyson, in the poem before us, accepts this character, but represents the hero after his return dominated in his old age by a thoroughly modern feeling—the restless desire of experience and knowledge.

Mr. Knowles reports Tennyson as saying when speaking of *In Memoriam*: "It [*In Memoriam*] is a very impersonal poem as well as personal. There is more about myself in 'Ulysses,' which was written under the sense of loss, and that all had gone by, but that still life must be fought to the end. It was more written with the feeling of his loss upon me than many poems in 'In Memoriam.'" The "loss" referred to, is of course the death of his friend Hallam." We have, then, in the *Ulysses*, a particularly happy example of the infusion of the poet's own mood and feeling into a character and situation which serve to bring them out and intensify them for the reader. Ulysses,—full of knowledge and experience, but with that inevitable sense of the diminution of power, of hopefulness, and of the possibilities of life, which come with age,—still feels within his heart that insatiable craving for more light and more life which lies deep in every more finely touched spirit; and the words put into his mouth by the poet, become for the reader a typical expression of similar yearning for the infinite, and of the similar sense of limitation and loss however occasioned.

2. among these barren crags of Ithaca, the domain of Ulysses, an island near the entrance of the gulf of Corinth.

10. the rainy Hyades. A group of stars in the head of the constellation 'Taurus' which, when they rose with the sun were supposed to

bring rain ; hence the name which is derived from the Gk. verb for 'to rain.' Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid*, i., 744: Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones.

33. **Telemachus** is represented in the *Odyssey* as a prudent young man ; Tennyson makes him an impersonation of humdrum respectability without the genius and inspiration which belong to the higher spirit of Ulysses. There is just a touch of contempt in Ulysses' reference to him.

53. According to Homer the Gods themselves took part in the conflicts before the walls of Troy, Mars and Venus fighting for the Trojans.

55. Note the happy effect of the long monosyllables, and the double caesura.

58-59. **sitting . . . furrows.** Suggested by the oft-recurring line of the *Odyssey*: ἐξῆς δ' ἐξόμενοι πολλὴν ἄλα τύπτων ἐρετμοῖς (And sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars).

60-61. **the baths Of all the western stars.** The place where the stars seemed to plunge into the ocean. So in *Iliad*, xviii., 48, it is said of the Constellation of the Bear: οἷη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ωκεανοῖο ('it alone is free from the baths of Ocean').

62. In Homer, Ocean is represented as a mighty stream encompassing the earth ; at the western side its waters plunge into a vast chasm where is the entrance to Hades (see *Odyssey*, x., 511, fol.).

63. **the Happy Isles.** The "Fortunatae Insulae" ('Islands of the Blessed') which were supposed to lie somewhere to the west of the Pillars of Hercules, and were sometimes identified with Elysium, the dwelling-place, after death, of favoured heroes.

64. **Achilles** the greatest of the Greek heroes before Troy.

70. Note how the coincidence of the metrical pauses between the feet, with the sense pauses, gives a movement to the line in keeping with the thought expressed.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

Published originally in *The Keepsake* for 1837, under the title of *St. Agnes*; included in the *Poems* of 1842; the title changed to *St. Agnes' Eve* in the edition of 1857.

January 21st is sacred to St. Agnes who, it is narrated, refused to marry the heathen son of the pretor, and after terrible persecution suffered martyrdom in the reign of the emperor Diocletian (284-305, A.D.). With St. Agnes' Eve various superstitions were connected, more especially that upon observing the proper rites, a maiden might see her future husband (cf. Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*). It is possible that Tennyson felt that the character and circumstances delineated in the poem did not exactly suit St. Agnes, and, accordingly changed the title of the poem, leaving the heroine a nameless embodiment of that ascetic enthusiasm which finds its masculine representative in Sir Galahad; she is "the pure and beautiful enthusiast who has died away from all her human emotions, and become the bride for whom a Heavenly Bridegroom is waiting. (Luce).

19. **mine earthly house.** Cf. *II. Corinthians*, v., 1: "For we know if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

21. **Break up.** 'Break open,' as in *I. Henry VI.*, 1, 3, and *Matthew*, xxiv., 43: "If the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he... would not have suffered his house to be broken up."

25-36. She too has her marvellous vision, like other maidens on St. Agnes' Eve, but a vision of an import and character very different from theirs.

35. **the shining sea.** Cf. *Revelation*, xv., 2: "I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast... stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

SIR GALAHAD.

This, like *The Lady of Shalott*, is one of the earlier poems in which Tennyson works upon materials afforded by Arthurian romance. In Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Sir Galahad is the knight who lived 'a clean maiden' and in consequence saw the Holy Grail. Tennyson seizes upon this personage to embody a type of the combination of ascetic and knightly virtue—of that devotion to an ideal which led the devotee to

disregard earthly ties and bodily needs, and to live in a spiritual ecstasy. This poem represents the masculine side of the same spiritual condition which is unfolded in *St. Agnes' Eve*, Sir Galahad reappears in the *Idylls of the King*, being one of the prominent personages in *The Holy Grail*. First published in 1842.

5. **shattering.** The epithet is used to denote the broken and stunning sounds of a trumpet peal.

11-12. The lady spectators scattered flowers upon the successful combatants, from the galleries which overlooked the lists.

21-22. He refers to the vision of the Holy Grail, which appeared only to the pure, and to the special favour of heaven which such vision indicates.

31. **stalls.** 'The seats belonging to the clergy in the choir of a cathedral.'

42. **the Holy Grail.** The word 'grail' or 'graal,' means originally a bowl. According to the legend found in Malory and other versions of Arthurian story, the *Sangreal*, or holy grail was the vessel in which Jesus sacrificed the paschal lamb (or according to some versions, the cup which he used at the Last Supper). With this vessel Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood that flowed from the wound upon the Cross. Joseph brought it to Britain (see *Faery Queen*, ii., 10, 53). It could not be seen by any one who was not perfectly pure, and so was lost. The Grail had mystical and miraculous powers, and to find it became one of the quests of the Knights of the Round Table. Tennyson has treated the subject more fully in his '*Holy Grail*,' one of the *Idylls of the King*.

53. **the leads.** *Lead* was the common covering for roofs of substantial buildings in earlier times. It has been suggested that this noise of hail upon the roof is inconsistent with l. 52.

61. According to Malory's account of Sir Galahad's death, Joseph of Arimathea appears to him and says: "thou hast resembled me in two things, in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sancgreal and in that thou hast been a clean maiden."

'AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.'

This and the following six songs are from *The Princess*, published in 1847. These songs (with the exception of '*Tears, idle tears*') were not, however, inserted until the third edition of the poem appeared in 1850.

In *The Princess*, a party of ladies and gentlemen are gathered on a pleasant summer day in the ruins of an old abbey, and to pass the time,

seven young men tell in succession an impromptu story about a Princess who founded a college for women. The story is thus divided into seven parts, and between the parts a song is inserted, supposed to be sung by the ladies—

the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.

These six songs are given in the text, together with “*Tears, idle tears,*” which is not one of the interludes, but belongs to the story itself.

‘SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.’

14-15. These phrases are thrown in without grammatical construction, a practice extremely common in earlier forms of poetry. The connection in thought is sufficiently apparent.

‘THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS.’

According to the *Life* (Vol. I, p. 253) this song commemorates the echoes of Killarney.

9. *scar*. ‘A bare or broken place on the side of a mountain’; the word is frequently used by Scott in the form *scaur*.

10. The mysterious and faint character of the echoes is well suited to suggest fair agency.

‘TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN.’

In *The Princess* we hear how a party of ladies from the college spend a summer afternoon in a scientific ramble.

Then they gathered to their evening repast, and the Princess asked some one to sing—

and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang.
‘Tears, idle tears,’ etc.

The form of this poem should be noted; non-rhyming verse has not often been employed for lyrical purposes in modern English. Mr. Knowles, in *The Nineteenth Century* for Jan. 1893, reports that Tennyson speaking of this song said: “It is in a way like St. Paul’s ‘groanings which cannot be uttered.’ It was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows. It

is what I have always felt even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past.' And it is so always with me now; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture and the past, and not the immediate to-day in which I move" (Compare with this last sentence the poem *Far-far-away*). The "Tintern" referred to is Tintern Abbey, "perhaps the most beautiful ruin in England," on the right bank of the Wye in Monmouthshire, associated with Wordsworth's well-known *Lines written above Tintern Abbey*.

‘ASK ME NO MORE: THE MOON MAY DRAW THE SEA.’

This song is closely linked in thought to the subject of *Part VII.* of *The Princess*, to which it forms a prologue. In *Part VII.* we are told how the Princess, under the influence of kindly feelings, undertakes to nurse the wounded hero, her long repulsed suitor, how pity gave place in her heart to a tenderer interest, how her novel ideas and schemes for her sex give place, and 'Love at last is lord of all.'

THE BROOK.

First published in the volume entitled *Maud and Other Poems*, 1855. In the *Life* it is stated that "'Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea' was the poem more especially dedicated to the Somersby stream, and not, as some have supposed, 'The Brook,' which is designed to be a brook of the imagination."

The Brook represents one *genus*—and that a distinctive one—in Tennyson's poetry, the English Idyll. About the commonplace and realistic details of a somewhat slight theme he throws an idyllic charm—in this case partly through the halo which the past wears for the memory of the middle-aged speaker, partly through the beauty of the strikingly English background.

The unpretentious and simple narrative is relieved by touches of exquisite poetic beauty, and the perfect lyric which winds its course through the poem, blends itself with the framework in the most felicitous way and greatly enhances the general effect of the poem.

4. scrip. Documents entitling the holder to payments.

6. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I, iii:

Antonio: Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shylock: I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.

The Greek word for interest, *τόκος*, means properly 'begetting.'

16. **branding.** Scorching (the word is etymologically connected with *burn*). Cf. *In Memoriam*, II :

Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

17. **Neilgherry.** The Neilgherry Hills in the southern part of India in the Madras Presidency ; a favourite resort of Europeans because the elevation makes the air cool and salubrious.

19. **primrose fancies.** Youthful and flowery fancies ; the primrose is an early flower as the etymology indicates : *primrose* represents Middle English *primerole* (the change to *rose* being due to popular etymology), Lat. *primerula* or *primula*, a diminutive from *primus*. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, iii :

Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.

23. **coot and hern.** *Hern* is a variant for *heron*. The *coot* is an aquatic bird that is chiefly found on still waters—small lakes, etc.

26. **bicker.** One of those picturesque words, the skilful use of which is characteristic of Tennyson. It indicates quick, repeated action, and is frequently applied to streams ; so Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, I, iii : "they (streamlets) bickered through the sunny glade"; and Scott, *Monastery*, IX : "At the crook of the glen, where bickers the burnie"; also to light, *The Princess*, V, 253 : "as the fiery Sirius alters hue, And bickers into red and emerald."

29. **thorps.** 'Hamlets'; an example of Tennyson's predilection for reviving old Saxon words ; used by Chaucer (*e.g.*, *Parlement of Foules*, l. 350), and in scattered examples later ; it is said that seventy-six names of places in Lincolnshire, Tennyson's native county, end with this termination ; *e.g.*, Mablethorpe, Claythorpe, Theddlethorpe, etc.

46. **willow-weed and mallow.** The 'willow-weed' (*Epilobium Hirsutum*) is a common plant in England on the margins of streams amongst reeds and coarse grasses, as is also the common mallow (*Malva Sylvestris*).

54. **grigs.** 'Crickets.'

58. **grayling.** A fish of the salmon family which "prefers rivers with rocky or gravelly bottom and an alteration of stream and pool."

61. **waterbreak.** 'Ripple'; cf. Wordsworth, *Nutting*, 33 : "Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on."

70. **lissome.** A variant of 'lithesome.'

82. The reference is to the well-known Scotch song by Burns, "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon."

103. **wizard pentagram.** A figure consisting of two equilateral triangles placed upon one another so as to form a six-pointed star. It was supposed in the Middle Ages to have magical powers against evil spirits.

118. **meadow-sweet** (*Spiræa Ulmaria*), a sweet-scented, low shrub. "A flower which greets all ramblers to moist fields and tranquil water-courses in midsummer is the meadow-sweet, called also queen of the meadows. It belongs to the *Spiræa* tribe, where our hardhack, nine-bark, meadow-sweet, queen of the prairie and others, belong, but surpasses all our species in being sweet-scented—a suggestion of almonds and cinnamon. I saw much of it about Stratford, and in rowing on the Avon plucked its large clusters of fine, creamy white flowers from my boat." (*Burroughs' A Glance at British Wild-flowers.*)

132. **chase.** Properly "an unenclosed hunting ground which is private property."

141. **bailiff.** 'The steward or manager of an estate.'

171. **covers.** 'Underbrush which covers the game.'

177-8. The **network** of light and shadow made by the ripples on the surface may be observed in any shallow stream.

180. **shingly.** Adjective from 'shingle' in sense of 'gravel'; cf. *Lancelot and Elaine*, 53: "And down the shingly scaur he plunged"; and *Enoch Arden*, 768: "Lest the hard shingle should grate underfoot."

189. **Arno.** The river upon which Florence is built; see l. 35 above.

190. **Brunelleschi** (pronounced broonelléskee) was a famous Italian architect (1377-1446), the designer of the dome of the Cathedral of Florence.

196. **In converse seasons.** The poet subsequently changed this to "in April-autumns."

203. **bindweed-bells.** Flowers of the bindweed, a species of *Convolvulus* ('morning glory').

briony. The common briony is a plant with tendrils, like the cucumber, which is common in hedge-rows.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

First published on the morning of the day of the Duke's funeral, Nov. 18th, 1852; it was revised in 1853 and again when it appeared with *Maud* in 1855. The Ode, as indicated above, was written before the funeral actually took place, but the poet was a spectator of the procession and pronounced it "very fine." He writes "At the funeral I was struck with the look of sober manhood in the British soldier." It exemplifies the qualities of the ode proper, which is described by Mr. Gosse as "any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse directed to a fixed purpose and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." The varied and irregular metre corresponds with the progressive and changing character of the thought and feeling embodied. The ode before us is not only admirable as poetry but seizes with truth upon the real excellences of its hero's character and the essence of his relations to the nation.

The Duke is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in the very centre of traffic.

18-9. Compare with what Carlyle said on the occasion of the Duke's funeral. "It is, indeed, a sad and solemn fact for England that such a man has been called away, the *last* perfectly honest and perfectly brave public man they had." (*Life in London*, vol. ii, chap. xxi.) In 1850 Carlyle had seen him at a grand ball and writes: "By far the most interesting figure present was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms—truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness, there is about the old hero when you seen him close at hand." (*Ibid.*, chap. xviii.)

23. Cf. McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*, chap. xxiii: "The trust which the nation had in him was absolutely unlimited. It never entered into the mind of any one to suppose that the Duke of Wellington was actuated in any step he took, or advice he gave, by any feeling but a desire for the good of the state." His influence as a "state-oracle," and his good sense (see l. 33 below) were exhibited in the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Bill (1829), and in the passing of the Reform Bill by the abstention from voting on the part of a large number of the Peers.

39. **four-square.** The Greeks conceived the square as something perfect; hence, the epithet τετραγωνος was applied by them metaphorically to indicate perfect character. This idea may have been in

Tennyson's mind, although here the epithet is applied more literally to a tower, and suggests a preparedness for attack from any quarter.

49. **The cross of gold** upon the dome of St. Paul's.

68. As, for example, in the Peninsular war.

83. **mighty seaman.** Nelson, who was buried under the dome of St. Paul's; the poet represents him as putting the question contained in the three preceding lines.

99. **Assaye.** A village of Hyderabad in Hindostan where, in 1803, the Duke (then Arthur Wellesley) with 5,000 men defeated two Mahratta chieftains with 30,000 men.

104. **The treble works.** These were the famous triple lines of Torres Vedras by means of which in 1810 he baffled the French marshal, Masséna.

110. The French were driven back over the Pyrenees in the autumn of 1813.

119. **Eagle.** A metal eagle on a pole was the standard of a Roman legion, and this ensign was adopted for the regiments of Napoleon. The reference of the line is to the renewal of war by the escape of Napoleon from Elba, April, 1815.

123. The battle of Waterloo was fought upon Sunday, June 18th, 1815.

127. The appearance of the Prussian army under Blücher at 7 o'clock in the evening was the signal for the charge of the British Guards, which decided the battle.

130. "As they joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds . . . and glittered on the bayonets of the Allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley." (*Creasy's Decisive Battles, quoted by Messrs. Rowe and Webb.*)

136. **silver-coasted.** The reference is presumably to the chalk cliffs which form the southern coast of England. Shakespeare's use of *silver* in *Richard II*, II, i, seems more appropriate:

This precious stone set in the silver sea.

137. The battle of the Baltic was fought off Copenhagen against the Danes in 1801; the battle of the Nile, against the French in 1798.

152-3. The reference is to the revolutions on the Continent. During 1848 and the following years revolutionary movements took place in France, Austria, Italy, Spain, etc., which, in the main, seemed productive rather of evil than good.

155. **Saxon.** In the latest editions the poet changed this to the more inclusive term " Briton."

160. **the eye.** The Greeks used the word for eye (*οφθαλμός*) for what is very dear and precious, whence came Milton's phrase, " Athens, the eye of Greece" (*Paradise Regained*, IV, 240).

164. Cf. ' You ask me why,' l. 6.

170. **wink.** ' Shut the eyes,' as often in Shakespeare; *e.g.*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, ii, 139: " I see things, too, although you judge I wink"; *Sonnet* xliii, i, etc.; so in *Acts*, xvii, 30: " And the times of this ignorance God winked at."

170, fol. In 1848 Wellington drew attention to the defenceless state of the south coast of England, advocated the complete fortification of the Channel Isles, Plymouth, the increase of the regular forces, and the raising of 150,000 militia. In 1852-'3 there was much agitation in England over the question of defence, owing to a dread of French invasion by Napoleon III. Tennyson strongly sympathized with the movement for additional defence as is shown in the songs he wrote at the time; *e.g.*, " Britons, guard your own," contributed to *The Examiner*, and printed in the *Life*.

186. He was born in the spring of 1769.

196. **stars.** Marks of distinction; peerage, order of the Garter, etc.

197. The Goddess of Fortune is represented in ancient art as bearing a cornucopia (*i.e.*, ' horn of plenty ') from which she pours her gifts.

217. Cf. *Revelation*, xxi, 23: " And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."

236. **For.** Here means " on account of." " His kindness to children is well known," says his biographer in the *English Men of Action Series*, and quotes some instances; see *ibid.*, p. 253.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

On December 2nd, 1854, Tennyson, according to the *Life*, Vol. I, p. 381, " wrote ' The Charge of the Light Brigade ' in a few minutes after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase ' some one had blundered,' and this was the origin of the metre of the poem." It appeared in *The Examiner* for December 9th with the following note: " Written after reading the first report of ' The Times ' correspondent, where only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken

part in the charge." In the following year it was printed on a fly-leaf with the following note :

August 8th 1855.

"Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea ; but if what I have heard be true they will not be displeased to receive these copies from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them." It was included in the volume entitled *Maud and Other Poems*, published in 1855.

The *Times* of the 14th November contains the special correspondent's letter referred to by Tennyson's son in the quotation above, and stating that 607 had taken part of whom only 198 returned ; but on the preceding day there is an editorial account of the battle based upon the official despatches, which would be the first detailed account that Tennyson would read ; and a comparison of the two accounts plainly shows that it was, not unnaturally, the earlier one which most impressed the poet's imagination, and gave suggestions for the details and even the phraseology of the poem. The following extracts give the striking parallelisms :—

"We now know the details of the attack upon Balaklava on the 25th, and with them much that is glorious and much that is reassuring. . . . The disaster, then, of which the mere shadow has darkened so many a household among us for the last ten days is not more, but it is not much less, than the annihilation of the Light Cavalry Brigade. It entered into action about 700 strong and mustered only 191 on its return, though, of course, some afterwards rejoined their comrades. . . . Had there been the smallest use in the movement that has cost us so much,—had it been the necessity of a retreat or part of any plan whatever, we should endeavor to bear this sad loss as we do the heaps of human life lavished in an assault. Even accident could have made it more tolerable. But it was a mere mistake,—evidently a mistake and perceived to be such when it was too late to correct it. The affair then assumed the terrible form of a splendid self-sacrifice. Two great armies, composed of four nations, saw, from the slopes of a vast amphitheatre, seven hundred British cavalry proceed at a rapid pace, and in perfect order, to certain destruction. Such a spectacle was never seen before, and we trust will never be repeated. . . . How far the order itself was the result of a misconception, or was intended to be executed at discretion, does not appear, and will probably afford the subject of painful but vain recrimination. It was interpreted as leaving no discretion at all, and the whole brigade advanced at a trot for more than a mile, down a valley, with a murderous flank fire of Minié muskets and shell from the hills on both sides. It charged batteries, took guns, sabred the gunners, and charged the Russian cavalry beyond ; but, not being supported,—and perhaps under the circumstances it was fortunate that it was

not,—and being attacked by cavalry in front and rear, it had to cut its way through them, and return through the same cavalry and the same fire. The brigade was simply pounded by the shot, shell, and Minié bullets from the hills. . . . Causeless as the sacrifice was, it was most glorious. A French general who saw the advance, and apprehended at once its fatal issue, exclaimed, ‘C’est très magnifique, mais ce n’est pas la guerre.’ . . . It is difficult not to regard such a disaster in a light of its own, and to separate it from the general sequence of affairs. Causeless and fruitless, it stands by itself, as a grand heroic deed, surpassing even the spectacle of shipwrecked regiment settling down into the waves, each man still in his rank. The British soldier will do his duty, even to certain death, and is not paralyzed by feeling that he is the victim of some hideous blunder. . . . Splendid as the event was on the Alma, yet that rugged ascent in the face of heights blazing with destruction was scarcely so glorious as the progress of the cavalry through and through the valley of death, with a murderous fire, not only in front, but on both sides, above, and even in the rear.”

‘BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.’

This poem, first published in 1842, was, we are told in the *Life*, “made in a Lincolnshire lane at 5 o’clock in the morning between blossoming hedges.” In theme, it is no doubt like that of *In Memoriam*, associated with the death of Hallam.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Enoch Arden was published along with several other poems (*Aylmer’s Field*, *The Grandmother*, *Sea Dreams*, *The Northern Farmer*, *Tithonus*, *The Sailor Boy*, *The Flower*, *Welcome to Alexandra*, and some shorter pieces) in the year 1864. Sixty thousand copies were sold in a very short time, and in the *Life* we are told that the volume “is, perhaps with the exception of *In Memoriam*, the most popular of his works. *Enoch Arden*, or *The Fisherman*, as he named it originally, was written in the summer of 1862. . . . It took him only about a fortnight to write *Enoch Arden*, within a little summerhouse in the meadow called Maiden’s Croft, looking over Freshwater Bay and towards the downs. In this meadow he paced up and down, making his lines, and then wrote them in a M.S. book on the table of the summerhouse, which he himself had designed and painted” (*Life*, Vol. II, p. 7). “*Enoch Arden*,” the Poet wrote “is founded on a theme given me by the sculptor Woolner. I believe this particular story came out of Suffolk, but something like the same story is told in Brittany and elsewhere.”

This poem is one of the most interesting examples of Tennyson’s “English Idylls,” as he called them, the idyllic treatment of ordinary themes; other examples are *Dora*, *The Gardner’s Daughter*, *The Brook*.

They may be compared with his Classical Idylls, where similar treatment is given to subjects drawn from ancient story; *Ænone, Lucretius, Ulysses, Tithonus*.

1-9. Note that all the local details of importance in the story are included in this concise and effective description.

breaking. "Note how the trochee here causes a break in the rhythm, the sound echoing the sense (*Webb*). Two stressed syllables (here 'cliff' and 'break') do not naturally follow one another in English, and hence enforce a pause between them.

7. **Danish barrows.** "Barrows" are sepulchral mounds. Cf. *Tithonus*,

And grassy barrows of the happier dead.

They are not infrequent in England; they were often erected by many of the earlier races, among others by the Scandinavian people. Here Tennyson ascribes them to the Danish invaders.

16. **lumber.** Not in the narrow sense in which it is usually employed in this country, but cumbersome objects cast aside as useless.

18. **fluke.** The part of an anchor which catches on the ground.

36. This is the first case of unconscious prophecy and of omen, by which the poet has chosen to give a certain heightening to his story.

58. Cf. with l. 47. Repetition of this kind is characteristic of Homer, and is often employed by Tennyson; see, in this poem, ll. 46 and 86, 167 and 294, 67-68 and 370-1, etc.

67. **prone.** Originally 'bending forward,' usually 'lying on one's face' (cf. l. 775), but here 'sloping precipitously.'

68. **feather.** The wood gradually disappears with an irregular outline through a transition of smaller trees and shrubs. A similar metaphorical use of the word is to be found in *The Gardner's Daughter*, l. 46:

And all about the large lime feathers low.

80-1. The trisyllabic feet in these two lines give a movement to the verse in harmony with the idea expressed.

94. **ocean-smelling osier.** An example of the way in which Tennyson clothes a homely idea in poetically suggestive language. The 'osier' is properly a kind of willow; here of course a willow-basket.

96. **market-cross.** Crosses were frequently erected in public places, in the centre of villages, market places, etc. They often consisted of some sort of platform for preaching, surmounted by the cross proper. The fact is often commemorated in names of places, as 'Charing Cross.'

98. **the portal-warding lion-whelp.** Cf. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*:

The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold than I.

and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*:

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion-guarded gate.

99. **peacock-yewtree.** An example of the old fashion of clipping evergreen shrubs into artificial forms.

118. Cf. note on l. 36.

130-1. The shadow of the cloud comes between the ship and a part of the sea on which the sun is shining.

offing. That part of the sea which is nearer to the horizon than to the shore.

181. Note the appropriateness of the metrical movement to the idea expressed.

187. When the yearning after the Divine seeks a response in that aspect of God which is felt to sympathise with man.

212-3. Cf. note on l. 36.

221, fol. Note the reminiscences of Biblical phraseology; see 1 *Peter* v, 7; *Psalms* cxxxix, 7-10; xcvi, 5.

250. Note the stress 'compensating.'

269. Again note the movement of the verse.

283. Cf. *Isaiah* xxxviii, 1-2: "And Isaiah the prophet the son of Amoz came unto him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live. Then Hezekiah turned his face toward the wall, and prayed unto the Lord."

295. Cf. l. 167.

329. **garth.** Yard: the words garden, yard, and garth are all of cognate origin.

379. **whitening.** See note on *The Lady of Shalott*, l. 10.

495. The method of solving a difficulty by opening a Bible and putting the finger at random on some text which, as was supposed, would indicate the true solution, was at one time a common practise. In this case, as so often in similar cases of supernatural aid narrated in legend (cf. example to story of *Edipus*), the information is ambiguous and only serves to lead the inquirer astray.

497. The text seems to have been *Judges* iv, 5.

503. For the Biblical allusions, see *Malachi* iv, 2; *Mark* xi, 8-10.

511-12. Repetition from lines 80-1.

509, fol. Another suggestion of supernatural influence.

529. **The Biscay**, *i.e.*, the Bay of Biscay.

532. **The Cape** of Good Hope.

535. The reference is to the steady currents of air known as the Trade Winds.

539-40. These lines suggest *China* as the place where the haven (l. 537) was.

544. **feathering**. Breaking into feather-shaped ripples; cf. l. 68 and note.

572. The following passage is one of the most famous of Tennyson's descriptions. It presents something which he had never seen, though long before the thought of tropical scenery had stirred his imagination; see *Locksley Hall*.

—to wander far away.

On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breathths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag.

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

Cf. also *In Memoriam* xxxvi. :

Those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

lawns. Used here in its more original sense, 'open grassy spaces among trees' (cf. *Enone*, l. 6); *glades* are narrower spaces.

576. "Note the musical alliterativeness of this line, and the sense of *trailing* growth produced by its rhythm." (Webb).

584. Note the appropriate metrical and sound effect of the line.

586. Note the hurrying effect of the trisyllabic feet.

594-6. The sense of monotony is given by the repetition.

597. **globed**. They did not seem mere points of light, their brilliancy lent them size; so in the passage quoted above in note on l. 568, we have "*Larger* constellations burning."

613, fol. A suggestion of some mysterious influence carrying to his ears the sound of the bells at his wife's second wedding.

639-44. So of Alexander Selkirk it is told that, after his five solitary years in Juan Fernandez, "he had so much forgot his language for want

of use that we could scarce understand him ; for he seemed to speak his words by halves."

653. **county.** This is the reading of the earliest edition,—perhaps a misprint ; the latest edition has "country."

661. **her ghostly wall.** Through the misty air, the chalk cliffs of England were only vaguely discernible.

675. **holt.** A small wood.

tilth. Cultivated land ; cf. *The Princess*, i, 109 : "We crost a livelier land ; and so by tilth and grange . . . we gained the mother city."

678. Note the retarded metrical movement caused by the troches and the long monosyllables.

680. The mist makes his return the more unnoted, and increases the sense of his isolation. There is probably also symbolism of the clouding of Enoch's fortune.

690. **the pool** seems here to mean the harbour,—a use of the word for which the editor is unable to find a parallel.

692. **timber-crost.** The wooden framework stands out from the plaster as was usual in old houses ; see for example the pictures of the Shakespeare house at Stratford.

737. **shingle.** Gravel ; cf. *Holy Grail*, l. 808 ; "I heard the shingle grinding in the surge."

797. **burthen.** The refrain, *i.e.*, the words repeated at the end of each stanza ; more properly it means a bass accompaniment, often consisting of the same words repeated, sung throughout a song. The word is of different origin from *burden*, a load.

803. Cf. *Early Sonnets*, x, 7-8 :

As I have heard that somewhere in the main
Fresh water springs come up through bitter brine.

807. **enow.** Provincial or antiquated for *enough*.

829. The squall as it lifts carries off the misty rain cloud.

869. **promise-bounden.** See note on l. 644.

910. "The calling of the sea is a term used, believe, chiefly in the western parts of England, to signify a ground-swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the echo of it rings through the timbers of the old houses in a haven." (Tennyson as quoted in the *Life*, vol. II, p. 8.)

917. The closing line can scarcely be regarded as on a level with the latter part of the poem.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

First published in the volumes of 1842. One line, at least, was written long before: "Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change (l. 182).

The poet is quoted as saying (*Life*, I, p. 195): "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought the wheels ran in a groove. It was black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line." We are further told that the idea of the poem was derived from Sir Wm. Jones' translation of the seven Arabic poems hanging up in the temple of Mecca. The only suggestion that, it seems, could possibly have been given by these poems is contained in the opening lines, "Stay—let us weep at the memory of our beloved at the sight of the station where her tent was raised, by the edge of you blinding sand."

According to the author (*Life*, I, p. 195), "Locksley Hall is an imaginary place (tho' the coast is Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings. Mr. Hallam said to me that English people liked verses in Trochaics, so I wrote the poem in this metre." The poem seems to have hit the taste of readers in 1842, and was one of the most popular in the two volumes of that year.

Long after, in 1886, Tennyson published a companion poem, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, which presumably is intended to represent age "its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings," and also what seemed to the Poet, the spirit of those later years; as *Locksley Hall* represents the spirit of an earlier generation.

Locksley Hall is dramatic, i.e., it expresses the feelings, ideas, etc. of an imaginary person. The student can gather for himself out of the poem the facts of the speaker's life and character. There are two sides to his utterances: his private grief and consequent bitterness; his interest in the progress of the world (its political and social development, its increase in knowledge and mastery over nature) and consequent hopefulness. The conflict between the two moods is reflected in the poem, and the latter mood gains the upper hand

The metre of the poem is somewhat uncommon, both because the foot is a trochee (stressed followed by unstressed syllable), and because the line is unusually long. There are eight feet in each line, but the last foot lacks the unstressed syllable, *i.e.*, according to classic terminology, the line is catalectic. As is almost inevitable in such a long line, there is a strong pause (the cæsural pause) in each line; but the place of this pause varies, and this rids the versification of monotony. Undoubtedly trochaic lines, especially those which are catalectic, give a certain impression of energy; compare the trochaic lines in the *Ode on Wellington*.

1-2. This indicates that the speaker is a soldier—a fact which comes out more clearly in *Sixty Years After*.

3. **curlew.** A bird which frequents the shore in winter and the elevated moors in summer; it has a peculiarly plaintive cry.

4. **gleams.** According to the author the word is not in apposition, but, with the participle, forms an absolute construction.

8. **Orion.** The constellation so called which sets in November and is hence, in the classic poets, associated with rainy weather. (cf. *Aeneid*, I, l. 435.)

9. **Pleiads.** Another constellation.

14. **closed.** Enclosed, contained.

31-2. The reference is the hour-glass which measured time by the running of sand from one receptacle to another.

35. What made the “copses ring?”

59. He has lost Amy through the improper value placed on wealth by the world, hence the following outbreak against the evils produced by social conventions. There are outbursts of the same character in *Aylmer's Field*.

68. **many-wintered crow.** Compare Bryant's *Forest Hymn*. “The century-living crow grew old and died among thy branches.” Here Tennyson uses “crow” and “rook” as synonymous, a usage found in the North of England.

69. “Shall I find comfort in keeping my memories of Amy as she used to seem, apart from those which recall her recent conduct.”

75-6. **The poet** is the Italian Dante who speaks thus in his *Inferno*.

97-8. The speaker begins to turn from his private griefs to his interest in the condition and progress of the great world.

105-6. The same impatience with the commercial spirit and with the decay of the warlike spirit is found in *Maud*, I, vi-viii.

121. **argosies.** Merchant-ships. Compare *Merchant of Venice* :—
“Argosies of portly sail Do o’erpeer the petty traffickers.”

135-6. The poet is symbolizing the gradual approach of democracy, while the wealthier classes that rule, are sluggish and negligent of their charge.

141. Tennyson draws attention more than once to the difference between mere knowledge and wisdom, *e.g.*, *In Memoriam*, cxiv; *knowledge* is the mere intellectual perception of truth, *wisdom* is the power to use truth in the conduct of life.

143. **he** refers seemingly to “the individual.”

151. This is not Tennyson’s own opinion; his own view seems to be reflected in *The Princess*, vii, l. 239 foll.

153. **Here.** In the western world, as opposed to the Orient.

155. **Mahratta.** Name of a people of Hindoostan with whom the English were in conflict from time to time, 1799-1818.

180. See *Judges*, x, 12.

184. **Cathay.** China.

185. His mother had died in his infancy.

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